Where am I?

IN APA-FiLK,

NUMBER SIX.

What do you want?

ALL YOUR FILK.

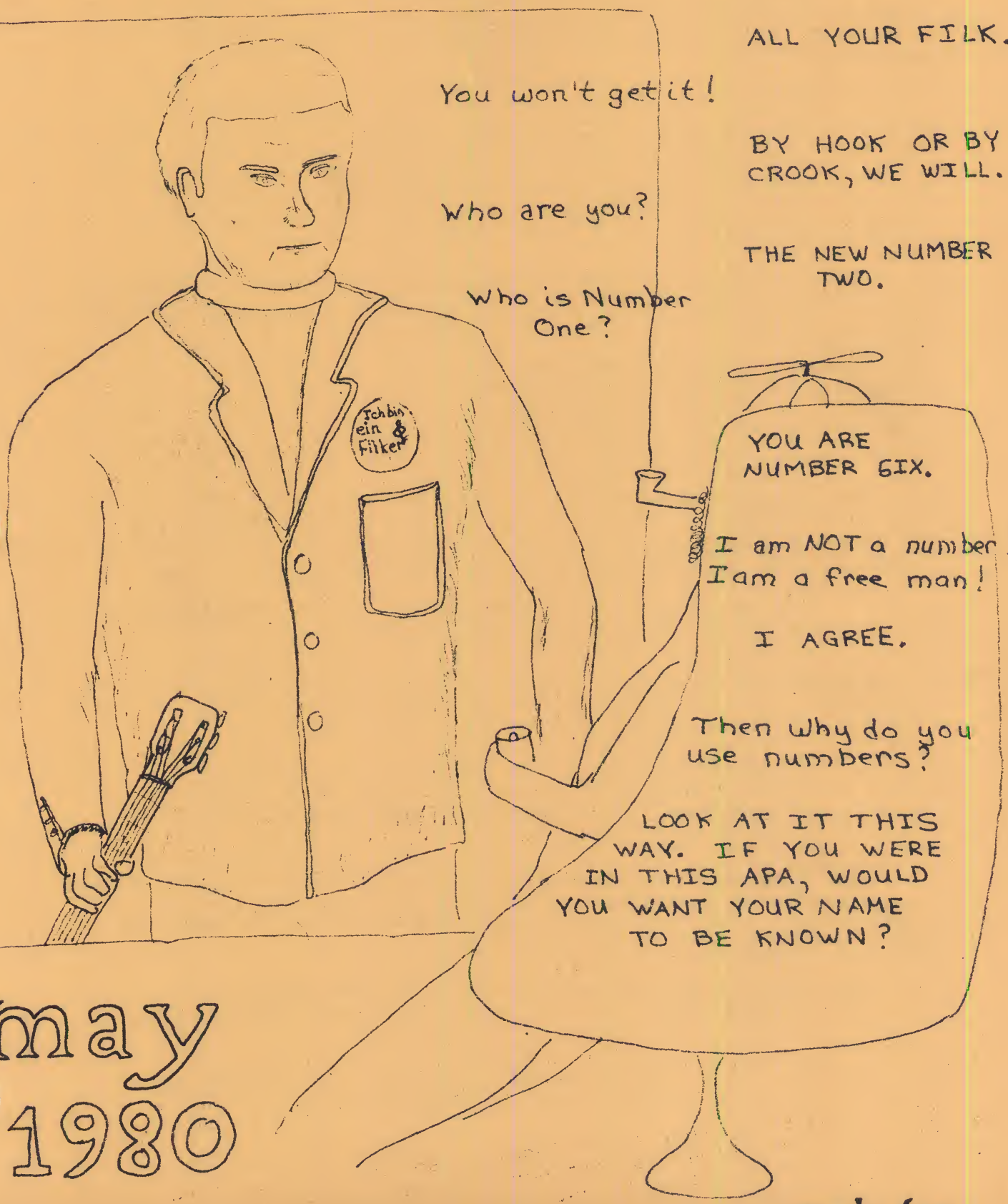
You won't get it!

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK, WE WILL.

Who are you?

THE NEW NUMBER TWO.

Who is Number One?



YOU ARE NUMBER SIX.

I am NOT a number! I am a free man!

I AGREE.

Then why do you use numbers?

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY. IF YOU WERE IN THIS APA, WOULD YOU WANT YOUR NAME TO BE KNOWN?

may 1980

gab '80

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APA-Filk is a quarterly Amateur Press Association for filksingers. We welcome filksongs, discussions of filksongs and other material relevant and irrelevant such as verses to 'Real Old-Time Religion.' Those who maintain minimum activity of four pages a year receive their copies for the cost of mailing them. Non-contributors will pay more to discourage deadheadism.

The cost of this issue to contributors is postage. Non-Contributors must pay $1.25 +postage. Copies of back issues are available at the following rates:

APA-Filk #1: 75¢ +28¢ postage.
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It is recommended that interested people send Management a couple of bucks made out to Robert Lipton, address above.

There will be no editing of material unless specifically requested. The Management, however, reserves the right to fail to receive or even lose particularly poor items.

It is suggested that people format their material with wide left and right margins because some people like to bind their filksinging material into looseleaf, and wide top and bottom margins to ease printing.

Lee Burwasser is keeping an index of songs published herein. For further information, contact her. Anyone else who has an idea of what this apa simply must have to exist is urged to try to create it.

APA-Filk #7 will be out in early August. Contributions are due by 1 August 1980. Send all material to the Management.

DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #7: 1 AUGUST 1980
COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #7: 50 COPIES

ANAKREON

#6, APA-Filk Mailing #6 Beltane 9980 (That's 1 May 1980 for the rest of you.)

REAL OLD TIME RELIGION

(to the traditional tune)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

1. It was good for the Druid Merlin,
It was good for the Druid Merlin,
It was good for the Druid Merlin,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

CHORUS: Give me that old time religion,,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me! (V)

2. It was good for Robert Graves,
It was good for Robert Graves,
It was good for Robert Graves,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

3. It was good for the Greeks and Romans,
It was good for the Greeks and Romans,
It was good for the Greeks and Romans,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

4. It was good for Gerald Gardner,
It was good for Gerald Gardner,
It was good for Gerald Gardner,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

5. It was good for the old kahunas,
It was good for the old kahunas,
It was good for the old kahunas,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

6. It was good for Aleister Crowley,
It was good for Aleister Crowley,
It was good for Aleister Crowley,
And it's good enough for me! (V)

7. It's no good for Billy Graham,
It's no good for Billy Graham,
It scares hell out of Billy Graham,
But it's good enough for me! (V)

8. We will have a mighty orgy
In the honor of Astarte,
It'll be one helluva party,
And that's good enough for me! (V,H)

9. We'll be met by Aphrodite,
She looks gorgeous in her nightie,
She's kind of wild and flighty,
But she's good enough for me! (V,H)

10. There are those who practice Voodoo,
There are those who practice Hoodoo,
I know I do -- I hope you do,
And are good enough for me! (V,H)

11. When old Gerald got it going,
When old Gerald got it going,
All that hiding turned to showing,
And that's good enough for me! (V,H)

12. There will be a lot of lovin'
When we're meeting in our coven.
Quit your pushin' and your shovin'
So there's room enough for me! (V,H)

13. It was good enough for Grandma,
It was good enough for Grandma,
It was good enough for Grandma,
And she taught it all to me! (V,R)

14. It was good enough for Sappho,
With her lady on her lap-o;
She put Lesbos on the map-o
With her Pagan poetry. (V,B)

15. There are those who when they've got e-
Normous problems that are knotty,
Just refer them to Hecate,
And that's good enough for me! (V,Rz)

16. There was a time, so I've heard tell a
Fine, upstanding, strong young fella
Gave his all to serve Cybele,
And that's good enough for me! (V,Rz)

(continued on p. 3)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

"Monotheism is religious imperialism." - Morning Glory Zell

Every so often, a religious movement arises which claims that religion has been corrupted by worldly influences, alien faiths, or bureaucracy. The movement demands that the purer faith of an earlier day be restored. In Christendom, the best-known example of this was the Protestant Reformation. To this day, Fundamentalist Protestants express this belief in their well-know hymn "Old-Time Religion". "It was good for the Twelve Apostles," they assert, "and it's good enough for me."

However, Christianity is not yet 2000 years old. If a real "Old-Time Religion" is to be praised, let us consider Paganism. This, in fact, is what many people are currently doing, so that a Neo-Pagan faith is making considerable progress. The worship of various ancient gods and goddesses is being revived, usually as a Pantheon under the benevolent rule of the Great Mother Goddess against whom Jeremiah fulminated in his 44th chapter. And the Neo-Pagans have taken over the song of the "Old-Time Religion" from the Christian upstarts, and begun composing verses of their own. As can be seen from these verses, Neo-Pagans do not, with a few exceptions, take themselves awfully seriously.

For the last couple of years I have been hearing these verses from my Neo-Pagan friends, and even composing a few of them myself. I finally decided to collect as many as I could into one place, and circulate them to anyone who is interested. I passed the word, and several Neo-Pagans and others responded with the verses contained herein.

I have tried to do as little editing as possible, leaving the devotees of the old deities to speak for themselves. This means that some verses duplicate others in theme, and there are deficiencies in rhyme and meter. (When I found a verse that rhymed "Isis" with "brightest", I winced, but I also included it.)

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

997

ANAKREON is published quarterly (on, as it happens, the dates of the four Great Festivals) by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It goes through APA-Filk, and to other people who think they might be interested in filk-singing, the practice in science-fiction and fantasy fandom out of which such creative impulses as "Real Old-Time Religion" grew. This special issue is being printed in a press run of 300, thrice the usual count, so that Neo-Pagans who are interested may be accomodated. A copy will be sent to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope for it.

These verses were collected up through the Spring Equinox of the present year. I should like to thank the following people who sent in verses from as far away as the west coast, and were a great help in putting this canon together: Judy Harrow, Margaret Middleton, Jean Michele Martin, and Vanthi Coven. I would also like to thank the participants of MAPPCAF II, Mark Blackman, and Harold Groot, who composed verses especially for this collection, and Patricia Holub, Isaac Bonewits, Fred Kuhn, Margot Adler, Ted Greenstone, and Eric Raymond, who in one way or another have contributed to my acquaintance with the Craft and/or to the pleasures of filksinging.

Where the authors' names are known, I have placed their initials next to the verse; a key follows. Some of the verses have notes appended to them, which also appear at the end of this collection. I would like very much to hear any additions or corrections, as well as identifications of authors whose identities are not given. A subsequent issue of ANAKREON will include this information.

The authors are:

A - Astryd
AF - Al Frank
AR - Alice Rhoades
B - Beth of Demeter's Beehive
Bk - Blackthorn
BSG - Blue Star Grove (Odin, Lucina, and Heronhawk)
C - Catbad

(continued on p. 9)

(continued from p. 1)

17. Thanks to Great Quetzalcoatl,
And the Sacred Axolotl,
For the gift of Chocolatl,
And please pass it on to me! (V,Rz)

18. As the waning year is ending,
Young and old souls now are blending,
Voices round the circle sending,
Samhain joy across the worlds. (V,Rz)

19. Through the endless night we shiver,
Flames around the Yule Log quiver,
As we sing to praise the Giver
Of the Sun on Solstice Morn. (V,Rz)

20. Pagans gather in the clearing,
For the end of winter's nearing,
And the Maiden is appearing,
Bringing promises of spring. (V,Rz)

21. Light and darkness stand together,
Leafing birch and flow'ring heather,
Brethren clad in fur and feather,
Tell us spring has come again. (V,Rz)

22. Hand in hand we leap the fire,
To the meadows we retire,
To fulfill Beltane desire,
And give seed unto the land. (V,Rz)

23. While the Solstice Day is fleeting,
Bull and Stag again are meeting,
For the honor of repeating
Vows that bind them to the Queen. (V,Rz)

24. Joy and fruitfulness abound,
On Lammas Eve, the fertile ground
Reveals the gift of love that's found
When the Horned One dies once more. (V,Rz)

25. For the wintertide preparing,
Harvest baskets we are bearing,
Goddess bounty we are sharing,
When the night and day are one. (V,Rz)

26. Meeting at the witching hour,
By the Bud and Branch and Flower,
Folks are raising up the power,
And that's where I want to be. (V,Rz)

27. We will bow and worship Venus
'Cause she's cutest when she's meanest
For she bit me on the
Elbow, and she's good enough for me. (SJ)

28. We will bow and worship Moloch
We will kneel and worship Moloch
'Cause his pope is not a Polack
And that's good enough for me.

29. We will go and worship Hermes
Though his staff is full of wormies
He protects us from the germies
And that's good enough for me.

30. We will bow and worship Bacchus
And get mighty loud and raucchus
Then we'll lay us down and fucchus
And that's good enough for me.

31. We will all sing Hare Krishna
We will all sing Hare Krishna
It's not mentioned in the Mishnah
But it's good enough for me. (CF)

32. We will go and worship Thor
He makes all the women sore
But they soon come back for more
And that's good enough for me.

33. We will sacrifice to Yuggoth
We will sacrifice to Yuggoth
Burn a candle for Yug-Suthoth
And the Goat with a thousand young.

34. We will all be saved by Mithras
We will all be saved by Mithras
Slay the bull and play the zithras
On that resurrection day.

35. We will all bow down to Enlil,
We will all bow down to Enlil
Pass your cup and get a refill
With bold Gilgamesh the brave.

36. It was good enough for Loki
It was good enough for Loki
He thinks Thor's a little hokey
And he's good enough for me.

37. We will all go to Nirvana
We will all go to Nirvana
Make a left turn at Savannah
And we'll see the Promised Land.

38. It was good for old Jehovah
He had a son who was a nova
Hey there, Mithras, move on ova'
A new resurrection day.

39. Where's the gong gang? I can't find it.
I think Northwoods is behind it.
For they've always been cymbal minded
Yet they're good enough for me. (RD)

40. I hear Valkyries a-coming
In the air their song is coming
They forgot the words - they're humming
Yet they're good enough for me.

41. I was singing 'Hare Rama'
With my friend the Dalai Lama
'Til they threw us in the slammer
But it's good enough for me! (SJ)

42. Asmodeus will excite us
To an orgy he'll invite us
He may have his high priest bite us
But it's good enough for me! (SJ)

43. We will all do praise to Horus
In an old Egyptian chorus
If there's something in it for us
Then it's good enough for me! (SJ)

44. Do the rites of old Cthulhu
You and me and Mr. Sulu
Howling like a drunken Zulu
And it's good enough for me! (SJ)

45. We will sing to Ronnie Ghu un-
Til they ask us what we're doin'
'Cause it's good enough for you an'
Babe, it's good enough for me! (SJ)

46. We will sacrifice to Kali
Though embracing her is folly
She'd be quite an armful - Golly!
And she's good enough for me! (PA)

47. It was good enough for Maui
And for his communion chow he
Served up poi and long pig - Wowee!
And it's good enough for me! (PA)

48. Sun Moon's kids are kind of funny
But they stick to him like honey
He just wants their souls and money
And it's good enough for him! (MP)

49. It was good enough for Venus
She'd've sighed if she'd foreseen us
Letting morals come between us!
And it's good enough for me! (PA)

50. It was good for old Osiris
But what I want to inquire is:
Can you Xerox a papyrus?
And it's good enough for me! (PA)

51. Pan and all the satyrs prayed in
Chorus when they saw a maiden:
"What a great place to get laid in!"
And it's good enough for me! (PA)

52. Montezuma likes to start out
Rites by carrying a part out
That'd really tear your heart out
But it's good enough for me! (PA)

53. It was good enough for Dagon
A conservative old pagan
Who still votes for Ronald Reagan
But it's good enough for me! (PA)

54. We will sacrifice to Shiva
We will sacrifice to Shiva
If you are a true believer
Then you're good enough for me! (MP)

55. If the Force makes you a hater
Tall and black just like Darth Vader
And not recalled by Ralph Nader
Then you're good enough for me! (DR)

56. It was good for Dionysus
'Til one time there came a crisis
From a rise in tavern prices
And it's good enough for me! (PA)

57. Well, Pan's pipes got clogged
last summer
And it really was a bummer
Fin'ly had to call the plumber
But it's good enough for me! (SJ)

58. If you've got the itchy-squirmies
You had better pray to Hermes
He will cure you of your germies
And he's good enough for me! (SJ)

59. If you want to save your soul, ac-
Cording to the priests of Moloch
You must sacrifice a Polack
Which is good enough for HIM! (SJ)

60. Necronomicon? I'll buy one!
Liber Eibon I'll rely on,
And The Protocols of Zion
They're all good enough for me! (MP)

61. Just like Swami Satchinanda,
Just like Swami Satchinanda,
Hold your breath and throw a tantra,
And you're good enough for me! (MP)

62. Let us praise Quetzalcoatl,
Find a virgin we can throttle
Put her heart into a bottle
And it's good enough for me! (MP1)

63. We had better worship Neptune,
We had better worship Neptune,
If we don't we'll all be wet soon,
And that's good enough for me.

64. Donal Graeme is part Maran,
And the Com'yn all use Iaran,
...Why the hell am I still Terran?
But it's good enough for me! (MP)

65. You can keep your saints and haloes
Myrrh, frankinsence and aloes
Let's toss virgins in volcanoes,
And that's good enough for me! (GP)

66. Say the Baptists, "We're the only
We're the one church that's not phony
If you give us all your money
Then to heaven you shall go!" (MC)

67. It was good for Bilbo Baggins
It was good for Bilbo Baggins
Treasure sometimes comes with dragons...
But it's good enough for me! (DC)

68. If you pray to old Uranus
Then your crime is truly heinous.
You can stick it in your songbook
'Cause it's good enough for me! (SJ)

69. Let us listen to the Prophet
Let us listen to the Prophet
Gets more tail than Andy Offutt
And that's good enough for me! (JG)

70. Let us all join with the Dryads
Let us all join with the Dryads
Trees may not quite be the Triad
But they're good enough for me! (JG)

71. Sing a chorus of Hosanna
Sing a chorus of Hosanna
Hit the "Top Ten" in Nirvana
And it's good enough for me! (JG)

72. Michael Valentine is grokking
Clothing usage he is stopping
"Thou art God" the phrase he's dropping
And I'm good enough for me! (JG)

73. Roger Elwood got religion
No more sex in science fiction
Claims we've all got drug addiction
He ain't good enough for me! (JG)

74. We will venerate the Buddha
We will venerate the Buddha
He ain't quite the Lion of Judah
But he's good enough for me! (JG)

75. Always be polite to witches
Always be polite to witches
If you cross them they are bitches
And they throw some nasty spells! (JG)

76. There may be reincarnation
There may be reincarnation
Let us hope we keep our station
And are born again as fen! (JG)

77. Good old Thor, the god of Thunder
Really helped us get our plunder
Tho' his head's still truly dunder
He's still good enough for me! (JH)

78. A most vile persistent lecher
Scorned by one, went out to catch her
When his magic could not fetch her
Poor Atlantis turned to me! (JH)

79. If you think religion's awful
And you've really had your craw full
Just be sure your acts are lawful,
Of they'll all be after thee! (JH)

80. O the ancient goddess Nerthus
From herself the earth did birth us
Were her sins so bad they're worth us?
But she's good enough for me! (JH)

81. The Episcopals are saved
In the Lamb's blood they are bathed
While I'm totally depraved
And it's good enough for me! (AF)

82. But the True Religion's Science
Where we place our great reliance
'Cause its laws don't take defiance
So it's good enough for me! (JH)

83. That old wondrous fairy Morgan
Could appreciate an organ
Just as long as it was workin'
Tho' her prices weren't free! (JH)

84. It was good for Greek Apollo
But his act was hard to follow
Full of lyres I cannot swallow
But it's good enough for me! (PA)

85. There are folks who get their hate in,
They go out and pray to Satan.
On TV this gets a ratin'
And to this we say, "Oh, gee!" (JH)

86. Necronomicon's still leading
All the others it's exceeding
But don't move your lips when reading
'Cause that isn't good for you! (MP)

87. We will sing to Yama-Dharma
At our revels on the farm a-
Lthough it messes up our Karma
It is good enough for me! (JVjr)

88. We will worship old Osiris
As we sit and smoke papyrus.
We will prob'ly catch a virus
But it's good enough for me! (JVjr)

89. Well I prayed to mighty Isis
To relieve romantic crisis;
Now I've got satyriaisis
Which is good enough for me! (SJ)

90. If you think these verses floor us,
Then just write another chorus
Just as long as you don't bore us
Then it's good enough for me!

91. There's a blacksmith god, Hephaestus
Far ahead of all the rest o'us
And his balls are pure asbestos!
But he's good enough for me! (AF)

92. Now there was this wizard, Merlin,
Really kept the world a-twirlin'
'Til he got mixed up in girlin'
But he's good enough for me! (JH)

93. It was good for old Darth Vader,
It was good for old Darth Vader,
He'll be back a little later,
And he's good enough for me!

94. It was good for old Achilles
Though death gave his Mom the willies
She styx-dipped him by the heelies,
And it's good enough for me! (MP)

95. For we are the Knights of Jeddi
And in us the Force is readi
Grab your sabers, throw confetti,
And it's good for you and me! (TD)

96. It was good for Oral Roberts
It was good for Oral Roberts
(Not so great for Elves and Hobbits)
But it's good enough for me! (TH)

97. It was good for Thor and Odin
It was good for Thor and Odin
Grab an axe and get your woad on
And it's good enough for me!

98. If your rising sign is Aries,
You'll be taken by the fairies,
Meet the Buddha in Benares
Where he'll hit you with a pie! (AF)

99. We went off to worship Venus
And by gosh you should have seen us
Now the Clinic has to screen us
But she's good enough for me! (HG)

100. You may marching with your cross go
You may marching with your cross go
I will worship Ghu and Roscoe
'Cause they're good enough for me! (HG)

101. There are followers of Conan.
There are followers of Conan.
They're all followers of Onan
Yet they're good enough for me! (RD)

102. It could be that you're a Parsi
It could be that you're a Parsi.
Walk on by her; you'll get in free
And you're good enough for me! (RD)

103. Azathoth is in his Chaos.
Azathoth is in his Chaos.
Now if only he don't sway us,
Then that's good enough for me! (RD)

104. Just like Carlos Castaneda,
Just like Carlos Castaneda,
It'll get you sooner or later
And it's good enough for me! (RD)

105. There are some who practice Shinto.
There are some who practice Shinto,
There's no telling what they're into
But that's good enough for me! (RD)

106. We will venerate Bubastes.
We will venerate Bubastes.
If you like us then just ask us,
And that's good enough for me! (RD)

107. We will read from the Cabala,
We will read from the Cabala,
It won't get you in Valhalla
Yet it's good enough for me!

108. If you think that you'll be saved,
If you think that you'll be saved,
If you follow Moses David
You're not good enough for me! (MP)

109. It's the opera written for us.
We will all join in the chorus.
It's the opera about Boris,
Which is Godunov for me! (MP)

110. It was Gerald wrote the ditty
And Al Crowley made it pretty
Ain't traditional one bitty,
But it's good enough for me! (MA)

111. Let us not forget St. Crowley,
For he's Humble, Meek, and Holy,
Kind and Jolly, Roly-Poly,
And that's good enough for me! (Bk)

112. We will witness for Jehovah,
Sell the Watchtower ten times over,
But it ain't no bed of clover,
It's not good enough for me! (E)

113. When we're in the circle chanting
And we dance until we're panting,
There ain't nobody recanting,
And it's good enough for me!

114. We will worship old Apollo
He's got others beat All Hollow
Let him lead and we will follow
And that's good enough for me! (Rn)

115. Let us not forget Puck,
Let us take a leaping fuck,
Let us wander through the muck,
It's good enough for me! (K)

116. Let us not forget Isis
She'll help you through your crisis
'N make your dreams glow brightest
It's good enough for me! (K)

117. Let us not forget Pan,
Come on Pagans, give a damn,
'N grab a woman or a man,
It's good enough for me! (L & K)

118. In the Temple of Apollo
All the laurel leaves we'll swallow
Then the colored trails will follow
And that's good enough for me! (G &MR)

119. When I first became a Pagan
It was daring and outragin' -
Now my circle's started agin'
But it's good enough for me! (GS)

120. Let's forget those moral dirges
Get your spurs and chains and scourges
And accentuate your urges
So come and play with me! (BSG)

121. We will worship Aphrodite
Yes, we'll worship Aphrodite
'Cause we've seen her in her nightie,
And that's good enough for me! (C)

122. I would go and worship Satan
If I could memorize verbatim
'Cause with him there ain't no fakin'
And that kinda frightens me! (Lc)

123. We will follow Gerald Gardner
In our faith he is our partner
All that scourging makes it harder
But it's good enough for me! (C)

124. We go skyclad for the Goddess
So we wear no shirt or bodice
And it isn't very modest
But it's good enough for me! (Sb)

125. We will frolic with old Bacchus,
We don't care if some folks mock us,
'Cause his rites are rather raucous,
And they're good enough for me! (AR)

126. Give a hand to darlin' Freyla;
There's no need to ask her, "May ya?"
For a necklace, she will lay 'ya
And that's good enough for me! (AR)

127. We will even worship Hades,
Though he dwells among the shadies,
He still picks up pretty ladies,
And he's good enough for me! (AR)

128. Odinn is a mighty thinker,
But he's one hell of a drinker;
With the girls he likes to tinker,
So he's good enough for me! (AR)

129. Let's all hug our Earthy Mother
There is nothin' that I'd d'ruther,
She's better than any other,
And that's good enough for me! (Rn)

130. We will all practice Tantra
Groans and grunts will be our mantra
There is nothing that you "can'tra"
It's good enough for me! (E & A)

131. There are Frogs out in the Abyss
Armed with athamé and labrys,
They are green and rather scabrous
But they're good enough for me! (T)

132. We will all recite the Koran
We will all recite the Koran
Scots can stick it in their sporran
And that's good enough for me! (ER)

133. We'll all study the Vedanta
We'll all study the Vedanta
It's no good for sharks or mantas
But it's good enough for me! (ER)

134. Well, the Japanese use Shinto
There's no telling what they're into
It helps them outsell the Pinto,
And that's good enough for me! (ER)

135. We will worship Jargonatha
But although we risk his wrath'a
There won't none stand in his path'a
And it's good enough for me! (E)

136. We will bow down to Cuchulain
He's got all the women droolin'
Tell you brother, I'm not foolin'
And that's good enough for me! (E)

137. And the brave Illuminati
Can hail Eris in a body
Though we think they're rather dotty,
Still they're good enough for me! (EW)

138. We will bow down to Cthulhu
We think he is quite a lulu
He's not good enough for Zulus
But he's good enough for me! (EW)

139. We will gather come the Lammas,
It is writ in Nostradamus.
Then we'll take off our pajamas, (FK)
We'll make Merry, she'll be pleased!

140. It's those good ole connotations
Which make grow the Pagan nations
Leading us to conjugations
And that's good enough for me! (Sk)

141. I'm full mooning evil spirits
Throwing wild derriere fits
And on me they can't lay their mitts
'Cause my charm's protecting me! (MBx)

142. Well, you may worship Jesus
Go ahead and pray to Jesus
But I tell you he don't please us
You just leave my Gods to me! (Gw)

143. To the Goddess lift our glasses
And let's all get off our asses
Teach those Pagans, hold them classes
And that's good enough for me! (Rn)

144. MAPPCAF I and II were heaven,
And the spirits worked like leaven -
I can't wait till MAPPCAF VII -
More than good enough for me! (JB)

145. You can worship God Adonai,
Be allowed few things to enjoy -
Me, I'd much rather be a goy,
He's not good enough for me! (MB)

146. Sigmund Freud - now he's another:
"Kill your father, screw your mother."
Feeling guilty's such a bother,
No, the shrinks are not for me! (MB)

147. We will go and worship Isis,
Though she won't help lower prices,
We won't find anyone as nice as
She - that's good enough for me! (MB)

148. Be the Great Spirit devotees,
On the mesa smoke peyotes
'Til we think we're all coyotes,
And that's good enough for me! (MB)

149. There are those who worship Crowley
'Cause they say he rhymes with 'holy'
What I say is "Holy Moley!
"Perfect love and ninety-three!" (JM)

150. Gimme that New Aeon Religion
Gimme that New Aeon Religion
Gimme that New Aeon Religion
Where everyone's a star! (JM)

151. We thought Lashtal Lodge was snooty
So we founded Camp Tehuti
We will make off with the booty
And that's good enough for me! (JM)

152. There are those who worship Eris
There are those who worship Eris
If you're one of them, you scare us
So keep away from me---! (JM)

153. We will bow down to Osiris
At the blooming of the iris,
And he'll save us from the virus,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

154. We will bown down to Perkunas
And we'll chant Old Baltic runos
Save the dolphins and the tunas,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

155. We will worship old Poseidon
And the dolphin he's a-ridin'
Though it has a scaly hide on,
Still, that's good enough for me! (JB)

156. We will run the Lupercalia
With our leather paraphernalia,
Substitute for genitalia,
That's not good enough for me! (JB)

157. We will go and worship Jesus,
Yes, we will, when Hades freezes,
He is full of guilt and fleases,
Which ain't good enough for me! (JB)

158. We will go and worship Maui
With that Polynesian zowie,
And he'll give us Maui wowee,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

159. We will go and worship Brahma,
Like a sadhu or a lama,
Clad in less than a pajama,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

160. We will all go worship Loki,
And he'll tell a dirty jokie,
And get locked up in the pokey,
But that's good enough for he! (JB)

161. If I come a fatal cropper,
Then a rebirth would be proper.
I'll meet up with Cosmo Topper,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

162. We will pray for Ruthie Carter,
That she may become much smarter,
And put on a Witch's garter,
Which is good enough for me! (JB)

163. We will go to Utgard Castle,
We'll watch Thor and Elli wrassle,
Thor will have a lot of hassle,
But that's good enough for me! (JB)

164. We will go and worship Frigga,
And the men will be much bigga,
And we won't have a hair trigga,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

165. We will bow down to Astarte,
And we'll have a great big party,
And your welcome will be hearty,
And that's good enough for me! (JB)

166. We will worship Frey and Freyja,
Yao and Vesta, Lugh and Gaea -
Any more? - Perun and Maia!
And that's not enough for me! (JB)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (continued from p. 2)

CF - Corinna Frank
DC - Diane Crockett
DR - Doug Rice
E - Earil
ER - Eric Raymond
EW - Elfwork
FK - Fred Kuhn
G - Gabriel
Gw - Gwetholyn from Rhode Island
GP - Gregg Palmer
GS - Geneva Steinberg
H - Heather
HG - Harold Groot
JB - John Boardman
JG - Janice Gelb
JH - Judson Horning
JM - Jean Michele Martin
JVjr - Dragomyr the Cossack
K - Kram
L - Lyra
Lc - Lucina
MA - Margot Adler
MB - Mark Blackman
MBx - Michael from the Bronx
MC - Michele Cox
MP - Murray Porath
MPi - Mack Pitchford
MR - Mad Richard
PA - Poul Anderson
R - Brother Radamus
Rn - Ron Parshley
Rz - Roz
RD - Rick Detar
S - Skia
Sb - Sabina
SJ - Steve Jackson
T - Torve
TD - Terri Dorrosch
TH - Tracy Holland
V - Vanthi Coven, "Songs of Love and Pleasure" (Copyrighted)

NOTES AND VARIANTS

1 - 26: These seem to have been the 'original' verses.
7: A variant replaces "Billy Graham" with "Anita Bryant".
8: Variant 3rd line: "Call it church but have a party."
9: Variant 2nd line: "She'll be out there in her nightie". Sometimes the 2nd and 3rd lines are interchanged and/or varied.
10: An almost identical verse is credited to RD.
12: This verse is also credited to AF.
16: Variant 2nd line: "Fine and promising young fella."
18 - 25: These 8 verses celebrate the 8 festivals of the Craft: Samhain (Hallowe'en), Winter Solstice, Oimelc (Candlemas), Spring Equinox, Beltane (May Day), Summer Solstice, Lammas, and Fall Equinox.
27: If this is sung right after a verse honoring Aphrodite, it can begin "She is also known as Venus." One of the sources for this verse was a woman who, naturally, sang the 3rd line as "For she'll bite you on the - elbow."
28: Verse 59 is probably derived from this, or vice versa, by the folk process.
29: This verse is obviously related to Verse 58 in some way.
33: Variant 3rd line: "Burn a village for Yug-Sothoth."
37: Variant "Chambana" for "Savannah". Chambana is a filksinging session held at Champaign/Urbana, Ill., every Thanksgiving weekend.
51: Variants: "brayed" for "prayed", "Faith" for "place".
81: Variant 1st line: "All the Calvinists are saved."
89: The incorrect spelling of the longest word is deliberate, to preserve the rhyme scheme.

95: Despite the spelling, the last syllable of each of the first three lines is pronounced "eye".
106: Variant 3rd line: "If you like cats then just ask us."
108: Variant: "Mogen David" for "Moses David".
110-143: These verses were contributed by participants in MAPPCAF II (The Second Mid-Atlantic Pan-Pagan Conference And Festival), on the weekend of 15-18 February 1980. Judy Harrow put up a large piece of paper and asked people to add their own verses. She then sent them to me for judging. I awarded First Prize to 128, Second Prize to 134, Third Prize to 113, and Honorable Mentions to 126, 137, and 139.
121: This has clearly developed from Verse 9.
134: And this was improved, clearly, from Verse 105.
137: Alternate 3rd line: "Then they all go out and potty."
164: Women, of course, would sing the 3rd line as "And they won't have a hair trigga". Persons of less definite sexual preferences may do as they please.
165: This verse was composed in ignorance of the existence of Verse 8.
166: The author would appreciate it if Pagans could sing this verse as the last one of a session.

*

The authors of these verses come from a wide variety of regions, backgrounds, and degrees of seriousness about the Craft. This means that some people may find obscure some of the references. I can imagine an anthropology major who never read science-fiction ransacking the professional literature to identify such deities as Yog-Sothoth or Ghu, while such names as Moses David and Swami Satchinanda may mystify others, while still others search gazetteers for the locations of Lashtal Lodge or Utgard Castle.

So, if any of these abstruse points bother you, drop me an inquiry with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If I don't know the answer, I'll ask around.

SINGSPIEL (SgSp)
6th Stanza
for APA-Filk #6
Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229
212-336-3255 April 24, 1980

GIVE ME "OLD TIME RELIGION" VERSES THAT ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

- a special zine for APA-Filk

John Boardman's collection of verses to "That Real Old Time Religion" will no doubt spark a wave a creativity among filkers. As a contributor I saw an advance copy of ANAKREON #6. Normally I would wait to comment, but for the sakes of those who use APA-Filk as a songbook I decided to publish the following additional verses by me and a coworker, Florence P.:

At Troy nobody was meaner
Than the Greek goddess Athena,
Mopped them up with Ajax cleaner
So she's good enough for me! (MB)

Oh, you need no priests for Amon,
He looks kindly upon laymen,
' Course he'd much rather lay women,
So he's good enough for me! (MB)

There's the god who is a monkey,
His behavior's kind of funky,
But he makes a lousy bunkie,
Still he's good enough for me! (MB)

We will bow down and worship Ops
'Cause we think that she is the tops,
Turned a lot of guys into Pops
And she's good enough for me! (MB)

I will kill an old black rooster,
Show that I'm a Satan booster,
He's not drawing like he usedta,
But he's good enough for me! (FP)

We will jump the old bonfire
Though the flames are soaring higher,
If you miss you'll join the pyre,
But it's good enough for me! (FP)

Wrap your sacrifice in wicker,
It will make the flames burn quicker,
Though the smell makes some folks sicker,
It's still good enough for me! (FP)

We will all go to the Black Mass,
And kiss the goat upon his ass,
Though you think it hasn't much class
Still it's good enough for me! (FP)

We will sacrifice to Kali,
Though her Thugs don't act too pally
When you meet them in an alley,
She's still good enough for me! (FP)

We will read the Kama Sutra,
The positions are quite "outré,"
But as long as you're not "neutre"
Then it's good enough for me! (FP)

If you're worshipping Athena,
Then your morals must be cleaner
And your brain a little keener,
But that's good enough for me! (FP)

If you want to worship Shiva,
Throw some flowers in the river,
But if Shiva will deliver,
Then that's good enough for me! (FP)

Do you know what brought Baldur low,
His Achilles heel, mistletoe,
His systems are no longer "GO,"
But he's good enough for me! (FP)

You can sacrifice to Kali
Even if you're no Bengali,
Just by mugging in an alley,
And that's good enough for me! (FP)

We will go and worship Shiva
While we're bathing in the river,
It's so cold it makes me shiver,
But that's good enough for me! (FP)

Millions Marx and Lenin follow
Or in Mao's Red Book they wallow,
Their Party line I cannot swallow,
There are older gods for me! (MB)

Others followed Rev'rend Jim Jones,
In Guyana they found their bones,
Kool-Aid mixed with cyanide stones,
But it's not my cup of tea! (MB)

Oh, the Welsh gods you announce 'em,
Ask me my gods to renounce 'em,
But your gods I can't pronounce 'em!
Being tongue-tied's not for me! (MB)

JJb

QWXb!!4 in APA-FiIK

Gregory A. Baker, 87-50 12 th Street, Richmond Hill, NY 11418 212-441-8553

A Note of Introduction

SOMETIME AFTER I got Apa-Filk #5 in the mail I called every filker in the New York area I could find and arranged the first Post-Collation APA-Filk party at my apartment. Robert Lipton and Ray Heuer were the first two to arrive after Lisa Hess, my friend and former Starship Trouper, who had been a dinner guest. We swapped tunes until Mark Blackman and John Boardman arrived with their entourage. Then we sang several of the Slobbovian songs. I learned how to fit the words of the Slobbovian National Anthem to the theme from "Star Wars" - and John led us in "The Good Ship Venus". Lisa sang "Space City" twice - I insisted that everyone should hear that one - and when Fred Kuhn arrived at 11 p.m. with drummer and pizza, he sang "Eternity Machine" and "Weregerm" (Were germ? There germ. There antibiotic). I had to chase everyobe out at 12:30 because I had a National Guard drill Sunday morning, but we did close up with Leslie Fish's "Hope Eyrie".

I want to thank everyone who came to the party, and I thank you again for your politeness in bringing your own refreshments. Sharron and I could not have had a nicer time. There will be another Post Collation APA-Filk party this month; please come.

I bought Carolyn Vennino's album (actually, it's a tape) and "Only Stars Can Last" by Omicron Ceti Three, along with Starsong, the music book for the OC3 albums at the Townsley con in February. OC3 also had for sale "Omicron Ceti Three and Friends", which is a menage of various Trekker filkers. The tapes are $3.95 each; Starsong is $2.95, and information on these tapes can be obtained from Carolyn at 74 Palisade Avenue, Jersey City, NJ 07306 and Martha Baonds, 5905 Yorkwood Road, Baltimore MD 21239.

We also did a joint set at the February convention. The audience at the con is never as big as I want them to be, because Townsley schedules us opposite one of the stars and we never get a chance to publicize the performance adequately. At other conventions, the audience always reaches several hundred. (I'm planning a publicity campaign to rectify this problem.) However, the fans who do come to our performances are enthusiastic and bring tape recorders so they can learn all the lyrics and repeat them at other cons. (I wish that they'd buy songbooks.) Our performance went off well, considering that Townsley gave us only one microphone and woudn't let us alter the satge setting to make it comfortable. Raven and Lisa Hess had joined the Truopers, and we were getting a better blend of sound. However, Martha and Carolyn provided the dramatic highlight of the convention when they sang "One From Two" and "Now or Later". Together, Martha's guitaring and singing and Carolyn's guitaring kept us rapt.

Starship Troupers will be at Mos Eastly this month, at the Townsley convention in Philafelphia in July 4 weekend, and at AUGUSTREK '80, at the Sheraton Inn-Northwest Washington, Silver Spring, Maryland on AUGUST 1, 2, and 3.

technically zero-beat tuning speaking

There are some of us, like me, who can tell their stringed instrument is out of tune, but cannot make the fine distinctions of pitch that

enables one to tune strings quickly and accurately. Zero-beating is a technique which I borrowed from radio. To anyone acquainted with physics, the principles are readily apparent. To those who are not, however, I'll give a brief explination;

When two notes are sounded together, there is a third notes which will cound that is at the frequency which is the difference between the two frequencies. For example, if one note is 252 HZ and another at 254 Hz, the third note will be 2 HZ (A hertz is a cycle per second). If the notes are at 440 and 441,3, the third note will beat 1.3 HZ. If both notes are at the same frequency, however, there will be no beat.

This helps when tuning the guitar and the mandolin. (The banjo is a little more difficult due to problems of construction). First, one must get a pitch to use as standard. The best source is a tuning fork that beats at 440 Hz, or standard A. If one does not have a tuning fork, then guess what the best pitch would be to tune. I still like the A string of the guitar, for it is about at the best frequency for me to hear.

The tuning fork involves striking the fork hard, then placing the butt of the fork against the sounding board while striking A. This takes a little practice to do quickly, which is why I recommend striking the fork firmly. There should be a beat one can hear. Adjust the pegs until the beat slows and stops. It doesn't matter if the srting is sharp or flat; if the beat speeds up, one is going the wrong way; if it slows, it's right. Once it is tuned, DO NOT TOUCH THAT STRING!!

The next string to tune should be the one lower than the string tuned. These are more difficult to tune than higher strings, because the variation in pitch is smaller in absolute numbers, but to the listeners, who hears notes on a logarithymic scale, it's much more apparent. The E string should be stopped at the fifth fret and the two strings plucked, which is how one tunes a guitar anyway; but reach over with the free hand and adjust the tension while the two strings are beating together. Then check again. The strings, if tuned together, should beat with no third pitch. The principle is the same for the higher strings.

Ideally, the strings should all be zero-beated together. There are a few tests. Try taking the A tuning fork and comparing it with all the other strings. For lower E, the fifth fret; D, the seventh; G, the second; B, the eleventh ; and high E, the fifth. Play a few chords and listen for dissonances. C,F and G and E, A and D should all sound good.

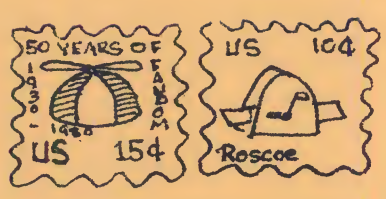
The B string is more difficult because there are actually 2 Bs with infintisimally different pitches, which come about because of the laws of harmony. Make sure that the E strings are correct by plucking them together; the third note should be around the lower string's pitch and should be eliminated. Then the B is adjusted, tune from the G string, which will give one the lower pitch. This is the best one for filkers, who play in G, C and D often.

Zero-beating is a slower method than tuning directly, but it s accurate and can be done in noisier places than straight tuning. I hope that it works well for all of you.

y
m
m

There were once some little creatures who went "Yeek,"
So I taught the little fuzzies how to speak,
But when matters came to court,
I'm the man who sold them short,
When I learned the little monsters talked a streak.

MAILING COMMENTS
and
OTHER SNIDE REMARKS



Lee Burwasser and Harold Groot: I insist that the tune is "Rosin the Bow" as rightfully as it is "Rosin the Beau". I have sources which render the title both ways: the Irish version is "Bow" while the American version is "Beau". Since the narrator is a fiddler as well as a rake, either title is descriptive.

Margaret Middleton: I suppose it's a tryo, but please don't leave us in the pap! It get's my hair metted and my fingers sticky and makes playing "Down Yonder" sticky and difficult. // There are two "tribbles in the quadrotriticale", apparently. Can we compare lyrics? // Mark Blackman: like socks on a rooster. // I have music I've written to "Tommy Atkins". It's an adaptation rather than a filk, because I changed no lyrics. This brings me to remember two things; Leslie Fish's "Engineer's Hymn" and a Dudley Do-right cartoon. Leslue is very fond of Kipling, but this one song is a very good way to remeber Scott; and the robot Dudley was capable of saying only three things: "Good morning, Inspector," "Hello, Hell," and "It's 'Tommy this' and 'Tommy that' and 'Chuck 'im out, the brute!' / but it's 'Saviour of the country' when the guns begin to shoot!" I wish I could be that articulate at times.// The troupers will be at Noreascon.

Harold Groot: You aren't the only one who types a 'zine a week before deadline. Only, I wonder how you can do the work so early?

Lee Burwasser: I do not agree with the SCAdian style of fighting. I prefer the Marklandic style, which I believe makes for a more realistic battle, and is instructive in combat training. The SCAdian system is also not one of my favorites; I believe in the Marklandic slogan of "History the way it actually was, not as it should have been." I still like sneak attacks. At the Cloisters, once I was challenged by a SCAdian to a broadsword duel. I returned to the Marklandic tent and returned with my broadsword, which caused him tovanish. Fighting fair is techinally a medieval rule, but what's fair? What was fair to a Swiss pikeman wasn't fair to the Sire de Coucy.

Robert Lipton: Roberta Rogow has a policy on lryics I find useful: No song past four lyrics, unless the lyrics are very short. I often write five or six lyrics for doing on stage, but I cut the weakest two. A guitarist is not constitutionally capable of chording two twenty verse songs in a row. It hurts . Remeber simplicity and conciseness helps, or KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID!

ON TAPING POLICY: I am willingto make a tape of a couple of my songs, then pass them to someone else on the list, who will then add his or her songs and pass it on to the next person. Each person can then copy the tape as it comes to them and pass it on, taking care to mail the tape with warnings "SOUND RECORDING* DO NOT X-RAY" and paying for the postage to the next person. Once the tape is full, it will be returned to me, who will then mail the tape around agian for everyone to record material they missed the first time. I think this minimizes costs the first time around. Would this be suitable. It would be an APA-Filk on tape, or a tape APA, or TAPA.

musick

The Shore Leave Blues
By Gregory Baker
Original tune

Hey, baby, take a look and see,
There's a big white rabbit headed right at me,
With a ticker in his pocket and he says he's late,
Do you think we really oughta investigate?
I know that I'm not crazy, I know that he is cute,
But who wouldn't think I m crazy, since I saw him in a suit?
I got the Shore Leave Blues,
You think of something and it jumps at you,
Please tell me what to do,
This isn't fun-- because I'm always on the run-

Hey, baby, there's a samurai,
He's a-lookin' at me and saying "You're gonna die"
So I turn and run away from this ancient hero,
When I start getting strafed by another anicient Zero.
Hey, baby, Pearl Harbor was three hundred years ago,
Won't you come and find the doctor and tell him what I know?

My goodness, what is going on?
I looked for the doctor and the doctor's gone-
An Ajax commerical musta run trough his head,
Cause a knight ran him over andthe poor man's dead,
Oh, captain, please tell me is there something I can use,
That will keep things from giving me the Shore Leave Blues?

Hey baby, don't leave me in the dark,
what do you mean that this is only a park?
If this is amusement, there's bound to be a catch,
You can think of Niven's kzinti or a Jinx bandersnatch--
Bandersnatchi- oh, dear...
I'm going back to space 'cause it's safe up there,
Away from fighter planes in the air ,
I really ain't crazy. It's my life I can lose,
You can go and kepp your planet andthe shore leave blues!

THIS IS a snatch from a musical that I have had running throygh my head for years: "How We Saved Stalingrad", which is set in World War Two. The overall production number, set in a defense plant with Rosies who rivet and wounded war heroes, is entitled "Let's Hear It for Our Russian Allies":

Even though he's killed about a million folks or so,
Until this ends, he 's still our friend, Hurrah for Uncle Joe!
Even though theRussians have to take a heavy blow,
We'll watch and cheer far from the rear, Hurrah for Uncle Joe!
Stalin is a Commie, a bomb-throwing Commie,
He might ahve killed his mommy,
But this is war, you know!
So open up the Murmansk line and slip the man some dough,
We'll watch him fight and guard the Right,
HURRAH FOR UNCLE JOE!

Harold Groot Apt. 713 1100 Penn Center Blvd. Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

RESENTS

FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW
verse II, part 2

Gee, a whole week before the deadline and I've already started. Will wonders never cease. I've averaged one city per week for travel, plus I'm taking three courses and I'm trying to get ready for a racquetball tournament. Oh, well, we all have our p oblems. Take the people trying to run MonCon. At one time there was a full convention scheduled. It was nationally advertised as such. Then there came to the surface some differences in opinion as to how the con should be run. Many people left, and many of the activities were cancelled. As of a week before the "con", the only items left were the films (already paid for), an art show, and a huckster room. Then the huckster room was cancelled by the dean of the university. So MonCon wound up basicly as a film festival. As far as I have been able to tell, none of the nationwide publicity for a convention was recalled, or cancelled, and there were several people besides myself (let's not quibble over definitions, now) who were expecting a convention. I did get to meet some very nice people, though. Balticon was much nicer. I'll talk about that after these messages... No, not commercials, just a few

GRACE NOTES

LB - I don't object to spending time in the library, it's just that there are so many other interesting things I could be doing there if I wasn't looking up songs. Oh well, I find new ones that way....As for P of the I / GG(ST) - it's a deal.

JB - Maybe something can be done about the little twerp. Perhaps for the Nov. issue...Liked the Marsupial verses, esp. the diprotodon...At Con-Fusion, there was a song that started "Moscow nights are cold, though they're crisp and clear. Let's go south for winter this year, to Afghanistan..." The tune, of course, was Moscow Nights.

HA - Nothing this time.

RL - This APA is for all filking, not just SF filking. You told me so yourself.... When I suggested a tape treasury I had the required two, good quality tape players that would allow the needed double transcribing. Now I don't.

MB - To keep the rhyme scheme intact in Christmas Crime, I suggest you change the first line in the second verse to "See stillettos, in the ghettos,"

JK - I don't think a round-robin is practical. If everybody interested sends a tape to one person, he/she can make a master, transcribe the whole mess onto everbody's original and send them back. Unfortunately...

MG - Welcome. Several good verses in I Know The Plot.

GB - Hate to say it, but you weren't up to your usual high standards, if my opinion means anything.

MM - Nobody seems interested in a SPEBSQSA/Filk hybrid. However, if I ever get my hands on a sound-on-sound recorder.... I tried cutting off the last chorus on GG(ST) at Balticon, but the crowd kept singing. I have successfully cut the chorus at the end of 50 Tribbles.

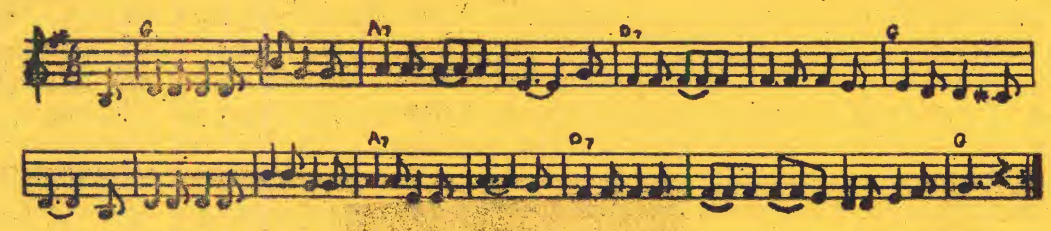
RH - Thank Ghod we don't live in 450 B.C. - there wouldn't be a one of us alive.

Balticon was fun. Clam Chowder gave some excellent performances, Fred Kuhn's album and the Hopsfa Hymnal were out, and there was singing on the stairs. More on the latter later (funny, I seem to hear Groucho saying that-but that was further father, I think).

Actually, I only interupted the description of Balticon to get this song a full page. But since it made it's debut there I'll put it in and then continue. For Greg Baker, and all those who still believe in Star Trek songs. The tune is Johnny Vorbeck, and I should warn you there are several versions floating around. The one I used is below.

THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE

by Harold Groot



There was a little alien, his name we'll never know,
He built himself a planet-killer, then he let it go.
A hull made of neutronium, a planet-slicing ray,
And if you come across it I suggest you run away.

I ask you, Mr. Alien, how could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.
Our outer system planetoids will nevermore be seen
'Cause they'll all be ground to rubble by the Doomsday Machine.

It started out to do it's job, to kill his enemies.
It chopped up all their planets just as pretty as you please.
It's maker was the next to hear his planet go 'ker-plop',
'Cause he'd forgot to put on it a button labled 'STOP'.

There also was a Commodore, and Decker was his name,
And for the loss of all his crew he had to take the blame.
His ship disabled from the fight, he beamed the crew on down,
Don't ever try to do that whi e that damn machine's around.

The Commodore was rescued but he only stared and spoke
Of how a planet (and his crew) had disappeared in smoke.
He beamed aboard the Enterprise and there he took command,
And emulating Custer said "It's time for our last stand."

Now Kirk was still on Decker's ship, he saw the fight begin.
He saw at once the Enterprise was never gonna win.
He put a call in, ship-to-ship, and asked to speak to Spock.
When Decker said "I'm in command" it really was a shock.

So Kirk next ordered Spock to go relieve the Commodore,
But Decker said "I'm in command, let's go and fight some more.
The regulations back me,let's hear no more of your guff."
But Spock said "Leave or be arrested - Vulcans never bluff."

So Decker stole a shuttlecraft and went to join his crew.
Kirk said "Perhaps he didn't die in vain, I've got a clue.
We'll send his ship in after him and let the engines blow.
I'll ride it in and beam back with a minute left to go."

The minute came and went and the transporter wouldn't work.
It looked like this would finally be the end of Captain Kirk.
To make repairs at such a time you can't afford mistakes,
Scot said "I need more time to fix it - take a station break!"

Now Star Trek has to have a happy ending, true and tried:
Kirk beamed on out, the engines blew, the planet killer died.
A moral from the Captain, then cut to a preview,
'Cause next week Kirk and Spock must save the Universe anew.

I've talked about how good I think the Midwest-style filksing is. I want to say that there are advantages to Eastern style as well. As a performer, I am very much a neo. As a consequence I worry about how good the material is as well as about how well I'm playing. A combination of playing my own material for a crowd of strangers will usually start me shaking. Literally. Usually my legs. This can be bad if I'm resting the guitar on them. Change something - an audience composed only of friends, or playing someone else's song, and I'm fine. So a cozy staircase sing is an excellent place for me to introduce new songs, sing old ones, and in general get used to the idea of performing. It's also possible to get constructive criticism, such as a comment that led to a slight change in the song above. Not only a change of a word, I found out on other songs that I was singing much too softly. I think that's because I practise playing and singing very softly due to my upstairs neighbor. I increased the volume from the guitar much more than I increased it from my throat when I performed. So now I know what to watch out for.

A comment on putting music to songs that were quoted in books, such as 'The Green Hills of Earth', 'The Grand Canal', and 'Mary O'Meara'. Many of these are stuck in my brain as dramatic readings, not songs. The two Heinlein ones, for example. They will never seem right as songs. I have a sort of half-tune for each of them, but it's very different from what they are now being sung to. On the other hand, 'Mary O'Meara' didn't impress me that much in the book. With no preconcieved ideas to cross, I thought it was one of the loveliest songs I'd ever heard when I heard Ann Passavoy sing it at NorthAmericon. I guess that if the Heinlein tunes really bother me, I can finish my own tunes for them. They can't be worse than the tune that 'The Green Hills' is occasionally listed as being sung to - the TV theme. I'm not mentioning it by name on the off-chance that someone out there may not know which one. I'll <u>not</u> be responsible for being the one to tell them. Anyone who sings it to me by that tune will be stifled.

I seem to be on somewhat of a tell-people-what-the-story-was-about kick. This next one is based on Mark Geston's story "The Daystar". He tells of parallel worlds like the chambers in a nautelis shell. The Time Wind blows through the worlds, quickly here but gently in the legendary city of Ferrin. A great disaster there forced the people to flee. As they fled upwind, pieces of their memory and parts of their body would erode away. These pieces could be recovered if one went downwind, if only one could find the key to unlock the door between worlds. Such a key was found.

Blowin' in the Wind (Daystar)

by Harold Groot

There's only one road that's worth traveling on,
It stretches from Ferrin to R.
At one end a city of beauty and grace,
Where once they constructed a star.
But that's at the far distant end of the road,
And we are stuck right where we are,

(and) My memories, my friend, are blowin' in the Wind
My memories are blowin' in the Wind.

The Time Wind erodes all it touches, my friend,
And I felt the Wind more than most.
The others stayed inside and out of the Wind,
But I had to stick to my post.
I fought the Time Wind to the end of the road,
That's why I appear as a ghost,

Chorus

In each world we crossed I left memories behind,
With each I left some body part.
The first world we crossed got my left hand and foot,
The second world captured my heart.
And now I'm an outline of chalk dust at best,
There's nothing that's left from the start,

Chorus

A shipwreck at night left a treasure to me,
A piece of the Daystar we found.
It unlocks the doors between worlds for me,
To Ferrin the lovely we're bound.
In each world we traverse my memory returns,
The times when I laughed and I frowned,

At Ferrin you'll see, a reconstructed Me,
Still striving from Time to be free.

Bob Lipton has complained that some filksongs are too long to be sung, some of mine included. To this point I have to agree. Where we come into disagreement is that I believe that some 'songs' were meant to be read. To sing Young Man Mulligan is something I wouldn't attempt. Does this mean that no new verses should be written? I don't know about you, but I've enjoyed reading the new ones. The same could be said for the longer versions of the Orcs' Marching song. And several others. It's nice to have a short version for singing, but I don't think that should be the only factor. I am trying for a compromise on my long songs. For example, I suggest the chorus in The Doomsday Machine either be sung every second verse, or just sung once as if it <u>were</u> a verse. That's easy enough. My real problem is

deciding what to do with Dragonriders in the Sky. It was originally designed to be read, not sung. It showed promise of being around 50 verses long. This would be no problem, except for one thing. I've received so many nice comments (thank you all) that I now want to turn out one version meant to be sung. As I've said before, editing is very hard for me. I had started out by writing another set of three introductory verses, and then starting on the story proper. The first set of verses ended with F'lar heading for Rautha. Then I shortened it so he and Lessa were heading back to the weyr. But if it's ever going to be sung, it will have to end at, say, the confrontation between the nobles and the weyr. All the introductory verses should be compressed as well. What I hope to end up with is a 12 verse version to be sung and the 50 verse version to be read. Don't hold your breath.

I had originally intended to put in a song I've Got No Use For Komehni, to the tune I've Got No Use For The Women, but in the aftermath of the rescue mission that failed I just don't feel like joking about the Iranian situation. For the record, I agree with the decision to try.

To move on to the Filksongs Old portion, another hiking song. This one deals with one of the more infamous stores in NYC that sells equipment.

Greenman's Whale Fisheries
by Cadaver, CCNYOC

Tune: Greenland Whale Fisheries

It was in nineteen hundred and seventy
Of June the thirteenth day
That our subway train it's air brakes blew
And for Greenman's rolled away, brave boys,
For Greenman's rolled away.

The salesman on the top shelf sat
With a spyglass in his hand
"There's a kid stealing jerky from the food bins," he cried
"He's eaten every strand, brave boys,
He's eaten every strand."

They tied the boy with a Goldline stout
But he hit old Greenman with a pail
And the racks capsized, and four clerks were crushed
And the poor lad went to jail, brave boys,
And the poor lad went to jail.

"To lose four men," old Greenman cried
"It grieves my heart full sore.
But to lose three racks full of Kelty's finest packs
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more."

Oh, Greenman's is a dreadful place
A store that robs you of your green.
While bull the salesmen throw, and the owner hides below,
And discounts seldom seen, brave boys,
And discounts seldom seen.

What's this, another page to fill? We can't have any blank pages, now can we (don't answer that)?

The Columbus

by Harold Groot

Tune: The Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Columbus, to sail the sea of space
For expansion is the key to salvation of the race.
It was on her maiden trip, when the asteroid hit the ship
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

It was sad, lord, sad, it was sad, lord, sad,
It was sad when the great ship was hit, in the middle of the
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

On the Earth the population was getting sort of thick
And the builders of the ship were allowed to take their pick.
So they took off from the Earth, those of them that got a berth
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

So for seven generations, they flew out to the stars
And the children said "The goals of our parents must be ours.
Though we'll live and die in space, we'll still serve the Human Race"
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

Then the meteor came through, and the engines nearly blew
And they found they'd been put on a heading that was new.
They will never end their trip, for they cannot land the ship
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

Still they sail among the stars, in a closed ecology
And the engines provide power to combat entropy.
They've adapted to the ship, and their never-ending trip,
It was sad when the great ship was hit.

But before you shed a tear for those humans lost in space
You should know they're the only survivors of the race.
There's a missile overhead, in two seconds we'll be dead
It is sad that our great world is doomed

It is sad, lord, sad, it is sad, lord, sad,
It is sad that our great world is doomed, for the bombs are falling
Don't mourn for them, they'll be rescued by a BEM
Mourn instead for all the ones they left behind.

What do you want at this time of night, perfection? Be glad I didn't put in the one that starts (to the tune On Broadway):

They say the landing lights are bright, at Earthport....

I tried it at Balticon, and it bombed. Yes, Margaret, I do sing some before printing them.

K E E P O N F I L K I N G !!!

Harold Groot

SINGSPIEL

(SgSp)
5th Stanza
for APA-Filk #6

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St.
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229/212-336-3255
April 22, 1980 (Earth Day and Lenin's Birthday both - see below)

I earned this button at BoskLone. (Harold, what does yours say again?) The front door of the filk-sing room was locked--but not, I discovered, the back. // Despite coaxing from Bob Lipton and me, Joe Ross, the editor of the NESFA Hymnal, sang "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic." (We told him later that "ribbit ribbit" is said not sung.)

A highlight of Lunacon was the presentation of Richard Kolker's "1986," a fannish musical based on "1776," with SFWA as the Continental Congress, Harlan Ellison as John Adams (short, obnoxious and disliked), Dr. Asimov as Dr. Franklin (elder states-man, authority on everything, spouting limericks); our own Greg Baker appeared as Wilson Tucker and MW Richards as Zelazny & Niven.//I helped Ray Heuer sell propeller beanies. Between the two, there was an APA-Filk party at Greg's.

THE MELODY LINGERS: MCs on APA-Filk #5

ANAKREON/John Boardman: When Un Browning in Maschera (A Concealed Weapon?) ran in DAGON/APA-Q, you were asked for a glossary. // I did a disco send-up of "The Little Drummer Boy." (He can't get into Studio 54. Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum.) (This was months ago!)

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES/Andyschak: I've combined the best of two versions of "The Good Ship Venus."

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: Right, but first get all the verses down on paper, then edit, leaving only the best. Eg, "Old Time Religion."

Besides being Beltane, this quarter's publication date is May Day. The international labor movement was a folk movement and the songs it produced were folk songs. Many of these songs used existing tunes, some seriously ("Solidarity Forever" = "Battle Hymn of the Republic"/ "John Brown's Body"), some incidentally, some comically. Joe Hill's version of "Casey Jones" is an out-and-out parody:

(The following songs have been taken from "America Sings," a 1930s leftist song-pamphlet.)

CASEY JONES

Probably the best of all Joe Hill's songs. S. P. stands for the Southern Pacific Railroad line on which the original Casey Jones ran the train through to a huge wreck for the glory of himself and the company. Joe Hill showed this engineer up in his true colors—to the same Casey Jones tune.

The workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call,
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all.
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings they were all out of plumb.

Chorus

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time.
Casey Jones got a wooden medal for being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey, "Won't you help us win this strike?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone; you'd better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off that wheezy track
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Chorus

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine.
Casey Jones was an Angeleno;
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
He said, "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musi-cians went on strike,
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

cont'd

...cont'd

Chorus

Casey Jones got a job in heaven,
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

They angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Chorus

Casey Jones went to hell a-flying.
"Casey Jones!" the devil said. "Oh, fine,
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

That's certainly not the John ("Casey") Jones I learned about in school or on tv.

If "Gory, Gory" is an APA-Filk tradition so is "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" (Atlantis, Dragons), the tune of Maurice Sugar's:

SOUP SONG

One of the most popular of the 'depression' songs. Words by Maurice Sugar. Tune, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

I'm spending my night at the flophouse,
I'm spending my days on the street,
I'm looking for work and I find none;
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus

Soup, Soup,
They give me a bowl of soup.
Soup, Soup,
They give me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the factory,
I did everything I was told.
They said I was loyal and faithful,
Now even before I get old:

Chorus

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and a yacht.
I went down to draw out my fortune,
And this was the answer I got:

Chorus

I fought in the war for my country,
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply:

Chorus

How about one to the tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle Allee Day":

ON THE LINE

The real "Sidewalks of New York" song which grew out of picket lines on New York streets and was found strangely applicable in other sections of the United States. You sing it to "Polly Wolly Doodle Allee Day."

To win our strike and our demands
Come and picket on the picket line.
In one strong union we'll join hands;
Come and picket on the picket line.

Chorus

On the line, on the line,
Come and picket on the picket line.
We'll shout and yell and fight like hell,
Come and picket on the picket line.

If you've never spent a night in jail
Come and picket on the picket line:
You will be invited without fail,
Come and picket on the picket line.

Chorus

If you don't like scabs and thugs and stools
Come and picket on the picket line;
For you show your boss that the worker rules,
When you picket on the picket line.

Chorus

And, to conclude with a little change of pace, at right is a song from "Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band" (Sean Kelly et al., National Lampoon, Nov. 1972. For some strange reason it still seems appropriate this election year.)

♫♫ b

A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS
(TEDDY'S SONG)

What would you think if I told you a fib,
Would you go out and vote GOP,
Give me four years and if nothing goes wrong,
I am certain you'll turn back to me.
I got off with a little help from my friends,
At the trough with a little help from my friends,
I don't scoff at a little help from my friends.
What makes you think you can carry the South.
(I'm a shoo-in in a three-way race)
How can you speak with your foot in your mouth.
(Well it helps to have another face)
And a little help from all my well-heeled friends,

Do you need anybody,
I need some fascist for Veep.
Could it be anybody
A down-home little red-neck creep.
What about all the wild oats that you sowed,
In four years they'll be underground.
What did you see when you turned off the road,
I can't tell you, but I think it drowned.
Oh I get by with a little help from my friends,
Yes I can lie with a little help from my friends,
With a little help from my friends.

SOMETHING OF NOTE #6

Something of Note is produced or the sixth collation of APA-Filk, due to take place on or about the first day of May 1980, by Robert Bryan Lipton of 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 U.S.A., telephone [516] 374-5737. Begun 24 February 1980.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
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§§§

THE GOOD SHIP ROLLING STONE

BY: Robert Bryan Lipton
TUNE: In My Merry Oldsmobile

Edith, let us take a trip
In our private rocket ship.
From the du_l moon we will fly,
Reactomotoring* across the sky.
If you wish, we shall leave soon
On our second honeymoon.
We will almost be alone
On the good ship Rolling Stone.

Just my mother and four brats
And a thousand-odd flat cats.
How can that be? There was one
When our journey out from Mars was begun.
When we reach the asteroids
In our trip across the void
We'll be reduced to eating bones
On the good ship Rolling Stone.

I don't want to go back home.
Let's avoid the lunar domes
'Til we find a quiet nook
Where I can find the peace to write my book.
We can set sights where we will.
Hollywood will foot the bill.
They'll pay there'll be no need for a loan
On the good ship Rolling Stone.

* this is a neologism of mine own invention. Make of it what you will.

§§§

ONE MORE TIME
APA-Filk #4

COPYRIGHT PAGE: In case some of you are wondering about the listed price increase for printing your material, be aware that when I began this apa I got in a store of paper at $1.80 a ream. I re-ordered paper in January of this year and paid $3.11 a ream. Also that ink I have is bound to run out sooner or later and I expect to pay about $3.75 a tube when that happens.

Electrostencils are still holding steady in price, mostly by expanding the size of the order when it comes up and carrying it away myself. If you think five hundred electrostencils are light....

STRUM UND DRANG: Right on both your points to me. I'm in some doubt about 'Alf Tuchuksbane'. 'Grenadiers' is a very flexible format, but it seems to me that it would be improved by leaving off the 'Now' that begins the first verse, and I think you left out a word in the third line. Should that be something be 'Foremost of the four-footed breed to ever bark or bay,' and thus build up internal alliteration on the end-half?

I think it may be assumed that, if no accredition appears for an author, the author is the producer of the contribution. Thus 'Ballad to Lermanov's Nikolai' was written by Mark Richards. As something you seem to have neglected, 'Filksingers' Guild Anthem' is by Greg Baker, Mark Blackman and me. Lee Gold sniffed at this one and complained that it did not rhyme well nor scan well. She refused to believe we had written it that way.

ANAKREON: Could it be, John, that Al Nofi, in composing the Italian titles picked ones that could be sung to other well-known operas' tunes? Was this premeditated on your part?

Since you mentioned it, I might admit that I have heard a second(?) verse to 'Aleph-nul Bottles'.

Aleph-one bottles of beer on the wall,
Aleph-one bottles of beer.
Take infinity down, pass them around:
Aleph-one bottles of beer on the wall.

Tune for 'The Mercenary's Song' please?

If you wish to believe that disco songs are talking about dancing, then obviously the early R&R songs were also. Sublimation, you know.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES #2: We sang your version of 'Good Ship Venus' with the 'friggin' in the riggin'' chorus at Greg Baker's party in February.

SINGSPIEL: Watching musicals on WABC in New York is fun. Last week they showed 'Daddy Longlegs.' First, they put it in an 11:00 A.M. spot that lasted an hour. As a result, the picture was spread over three days. Second, they kept breaking for commercials in the middle of musical numbers. A lot of fun when you're trying to listen to such songs as 'Something's Gotta Give.'

The Easter Parade, as out-of-towners may not realize, is an

unorganized parade. The rich and well-to-do simply get dressed in their best clothes and walk up and down Fifth Avenue. At least, they used to.

Like your second and third pieces this time.

HEMISEMIDEMIQUAVER#2: We might try the following definitions for filksinging.

filk' song: n.[fr. MoE 'folksong' via typographical error] 1: A song written for an audience of sf and fringefen. 2: originally a song which uses an old tune for the sf and fringefan audience.

filk [fr. 'filksong']:v.i.: to sing filksongs.

filk [from 'filksong'] v.t,: to use an old tune in the composition of a new song. e.g., 'The Star- Spangled Banner', 'When Johny Comes Marching Home Again.'

You're right about your comments on 'Ramjet.' I'm working over the whole thing right now.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN: Thanks for the contribution. How about becoming a regular?

FOAN: Liked 'Don't Say You Weren't Warned.' Seems to be some problems in the first couple of lines of the second verse (unoriginal rhyme) and in the final verse; the scansion does not seem to come naturally.

QWXb: I believe that should be 'Trelawney.' Once you get past that problem, the song strikes me as mediocre.

The failure of the country music form to make it in musicals may be ascribed to a difficulty in plotting. Many musicals have 'backstage' plots (even when, as in Singin' in the Rain, the stage is a soundstage). Country music does not normally have that, although there should be no reason why it is not possible. Indeed, Coal Miner's Daughter which purports to be the biopic of Loretta Lynn is ready for release. Also, please remember that Gene Autrey and Roy Rogers started off as singing cowboys.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME: Someone brought an autoharp to the New York Conspiracy party at Bosklone, the first autoharp I had seen since grade school (except for music stores). As we all should realize, different songs require different instruments. 'Greensleeves' would not sound right on a steam calliope, for example. I had in mind to filk Irving Berlin's 'I Love Piano' into a song about helicopter beanies, but hesitated to write it because I know of no fen who play honky-tonk piano well. However, a couple of banjos have shown up, so I may write it yet.

50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS: Brian Gister sat down and wrote "High-ho, High-ho, It's Off to War We Go," which may show up in APA-Filk someday. We have to give Greg something to sing while he's shooting his foot, after all.

I don't think the last line scans properly for the tune.

Collation #5 was not as plump as #4, due primarily to Harold's contribution being ten pages shorter than the time before. However, new blood continues to trickle in. We'll have to see what the future holds. Now back to our irregularly scheduled nonsense.

THE OLD EAGLE BANNER

BY: Robert Bryan Lipton
TUNE: Marching Through Georgia

We thought we'd all be killed in the hills of Nameless Dread[1]
Our bellies weren't filled by the chaff-ridden bread.
We did as Jurgen[2] willed when we saw what was ahead,
Driving the Twit[3] from south Chardia![4]
Fecundar strakh![5] We brought the banner[6] north!
Fecundar strakh! The heralds shouted forth.
So we sang out of key from Jamul[7] to the Sea,
Driving the Twit out of Chardia!

We hung back from Khalid[8], we stuck in Minas Valgor,
But our forces rallied at the banner as in yore.
With raised hopes we sallied at the strumphish[9] Pseuds[10] before,
Driving the Twit from north Chardia!
Fecundar strakh! Two-headed Eagle there!
Fecundar strakh! Our enemies beware!
So we sang (in a way) from Fred's Land[11] to Waldos' Bay[12],
Driving the Twit out of Chardia!

We reconquered the southeast[13] from the March[14] to Foxie's Land[15].
In our fight we increased the strakh and strumph of our band.
Next, we'll destroy the Cronk-beast[16] if we must storm Craven's[17] strand,
Now the Twit's driven from the Isthmus!
Fecundar strakh! Cry D.G.I.O.S![18]
Fecundar strakh! And we could do no less!
So we sang songs banal from the Slough[19] to the Canal[20],
Driving the Twit out of Chardia

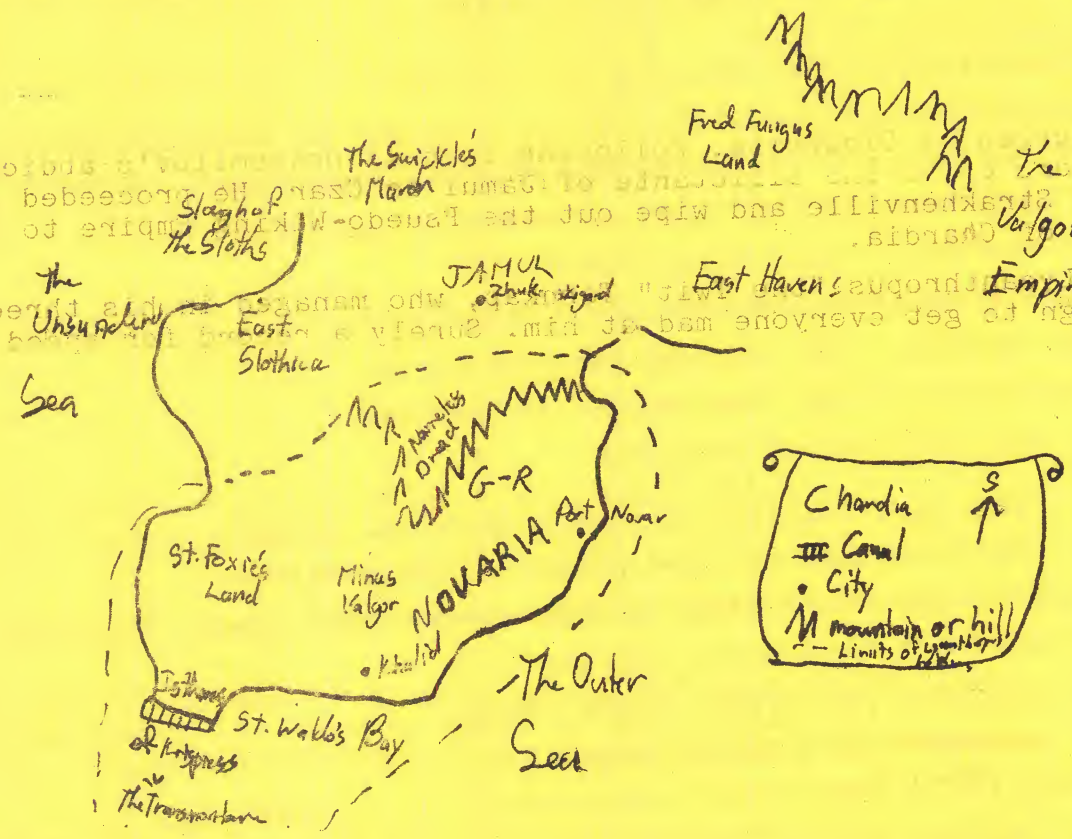
FEETNOTE

Since this is tied to Slobbovian Geography, there is a map of Chardia. First, the provenance of the song: it is sung about the Pseudo-Wiking Campaign of 853-857. Other details below.

1: See Map. The Dreadites are Asterix-le-Gaulois types. Mean and dangerous.

2: Czar Jurgen of Slobbovia. Following Ivan II Dragomilov's abdication, the Electors chose the Dilletante of Jamul as Czar. He proceeded to take back Strakhenville and wipe out the Psuedo-Wiking Empire to the northeast of Chardia.

3: Count Lycanthropus "the Twit" Tarnkap, who managed in his three month reign to get everyone mad at him. Surely a record for speed.



When he abdicated to the rebel Constantine Dinkendorvf he took half of Chardia with him (the dotted-line area on the map).

4: Chardia, the area indicated on the map, in the southeast part of Slobbovia. It is also known as East Valgoria or Gorea. It was the major battlefield of Slobbovia for fourteen years, and will probably continue to be so for a while to come.

5: A phrase which southern Slobbovians interpret as "May your prestiege increase." But which northerners interpret as "Fuck your name!"

6: The Banner shows a two-headed eagle, over which a crown floats, on the chest of which appears a fist with the thumb up and the pinky extended (the Northern Salute), and in whose claws are held a banner with the Imperial motto "Phage Pie Euphaino U Komrad" which means "Eat Drink and Be Merry, Friend." This is the Imperial Banner since the reign of Bodrog Strakenvich.

7: The province of Jamul(see map) has been the principal center of the Zhukovski's family power for three generations, barring its conquests, which take place about once a decade. In the 830s it was conquered by the Valgorian Empire. In the 840s it was conquered by the Gorean Empire; and in the 850s in was conquered by the Slobbovian Empire. Tiring of this, after the setup of the Valgorian Hegemony in 851, the Zhukovskis and the Dragomilovs conquered all of Chardia so they could have peace and quiet.

8: Khalid, the principal city of Georgia (see map) was finally let alone when when Egor Egorovitch Klompenheimer became a satellite of Jamul. Minas Valgor was the easternmost province of the Old Valgorian Empire under Chekof the Black.

9: Strumph means force, power or evilness. Here "strumphish" can be

best translated as "overbearing."

10: Pseudo-Wikings. Their traditional seat of power is the Isthmus of Krispness (see below). When he became Czar, Lycanthropus purged his eldest brother, the Princepa Svartz. Jurgen seems to have set Svartz back in the Isthmus in857 as a buffer zone between himself and Phumpha in the Transmontane.

11: Fred Fungus Land. See map. Fred Fungus was a captain of Harry Hish back in the 6th century A.F.

12: St. Waldos' Bay. See map.

13: As mentioned earlier, Chardia is the southeast of Slobbovia.

14: The Swickle's March.(see map). This appears to have been a typo for "The Swickle's Marsh." Swickles are small, nasty creatures that come out at night and eat wanderers. This is the theory. No one has ever seen more than their eyes and lived, although there have been reports of tentacles.

15: Saint Foxie's Land. See map.

16: Count Ra-Man Cronkevitch di Fallov, ruler of the Isles, composed of Fallov and Constance Land. Zhukovski and he have been enemies since Cronkevitch was Chief of the Slobbovian Imperial General Staff under Czar Alexis.

17: Castle Craven in Outer Fallov was built when it was considered cowardly not to come out for a slam-bang fight.

18: "Dei Gratia Imperator Omnium Slobboviensium." 'By Grace of God, Emperor of Slobbovia," the Czar's formal title.

19: The Slough of the Sloths (see Map).

20: The Krispness Canal is the principal link between the Outer Sea and the Unsundered Sea.

Thanks to Harold Groot who managed to track down the complete words to "Wind o' Blind" as I requested last issue. My father, who taught me the first verse when I was young (less than one and twenty...) was equally delighted to hear the whole thing.

As if things weren't bad enough, I am planning to produce a second edition of the Slobinzongbuk, which will have at least a cover illustration by Bruce Schlickbernd. The songs will <u>not</u> be annotated. Publication will probably be about the beginning of June, although there are certainly no guarantees.

Filksinging at Lunacon was fairly mediocre, although I did manage to sell a few sets of APA-Filk. As a result, #1 has gone out of print. Finally. Huzzah.

NUKE THE WHALES

by: Robert Lipton
TUNE: "Be Prepared"

Nuke the whales!
Blast them right out of the sea.
Nuke the whales!
Destroy our ecology.
Let's destroy snail darters with a useless dam
And cause cancer with defoliants from Nam.
Fill the Love
Canal up with PCP,
Making a world
Far worse through chemistry.
You can strip-mine coal, let tailings flow, use gas-guzzlers with glee,
Making lovely lifeless pits for sightseers to see.
If they interfere with spilling oil from shale:
Nuke the whales!

Nuke the whales!
Wipe out all life on the Earth.
Thalidomides
Can be used to louse up birth.
Dump nuclear wastes outside so they can bring
Leukemia and other lovely things.
Sulfur di-
Oxide wrecks the Parthenon.
Keep it up!
In ten years it will be gone.
Let pulp flow downstream for every ream of paperpure and white
So no oxygen is in the Arthur Kill. It's only right.
Everyone should do his part and if that fails:
Nuke the whales!

I decided to write this song for Greg Costikyan and all the lovely people who seem to take gratuitous pleasure from wrecking the world. Three weeks ago, however, I decided not to write it. Ray Heuer informed me that he had heard a song called "Nuke the Whales" on the Dr. Demento Show. Fortunately, he taped it and played it for me. and it was obvious to me that my song is far superior (which gives you an idea of how bad that song was) and that my singing of it is far superior to the group's singing of their song (which gives you an idea of how bad their singing and playing was). Ray also insisted that I listen to other songs on the tape, all of which vied to equal the first, at least until Three Little Words came on television, whereupon we thankfully adjourned to listen to that.

Three Little Words, by the by, is one of the few Fred Astaire musicals I've never seen. When I saw it I realized why: it stinks. Fred gets two dance numbers and the rest consists of the songs and a faked biography of Kalmar and Ruby. It hews even farther from the facts than the usual biopic, for the credits say "Based on the songs of Kalmar and Ruby." All I can say is that while Ruby's music starte out as adequate and improved steadily, Kalmar's words started out adequate and continued that way. In a love song he used the phrase "You tiptoe into my dreams" which struck me as ridiculous. Still, they did write "Lydia."

Abyssinia, Robert Lipton

STRUM UND DRANG

VOLUME II #1 S u D BELTANE

Perpetrated and perpetuated by Lee Burwasser (5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781) as a fitting punishment for contributors and subscribers to APA-FILK.

The last page(s) will be the rest of the index to 1979.

The rest of the first page will be

T W A N G S

COVERS: both nice

ANAKREON: No, it's not up to the first four, but it's a good try. Do you remember, by any chance, which was the first line of it that you wrote? // I'd probably appreciate the opera more if I knew Italian, or remembered more music terminology. // I'll have to send the 'Tasmanian wolf' verse to Thylacine of the Frosty Mists. How about changing the second line to "They're not just endangered, they're already dead" and cut the rest. // A verse to use against noisy funny-mentalists: "You can go and worship Jesus./ You'll drag me when Hades freezes./ If your trip is guilt and fleases,/ That's of no concern to me."

SOMETHING OF NOTE: Glad to hear you're not losing too much on this. Reminds me of the latest reason for saving: better to lose money at 7% than at 12%. // Couldn't agree more on the length problem. Johannes will tell you who it was who apologised for the length of the letter, as there was not time enough to make it shorter. But one thing songs like OTR and YMM are good for is getting new voices to speak up. If your nerve fails you the first six times, maybe the seventh time you'll get up and sing. But for a performance, as opposed to the group ritual of the YMM type, cut! cut! cut! I try to keep mine down to three to five verses.

HDSQ: re tedious songs with lots of redundancy. The advantage is that you can sing them even if you never heard them before. I suspect that's the story behind a lot of Markland songs: since Marklanders don't quiet the hall, one way to be heard is to have something that everyone can join in on right away. // Mhighod! is the Old Man still alive? Or is this one a namesake? // re cassettes: have you ever tried to learn a song off the average Somebody Else's Con Tape? // I'll tell Bird that you exist, tho I can't promise when.

FOAN: the Regnum Orientalis lists the seneschalle of the Barony-Marche of the Debatable Lands as {mundanely} Betsey A Lynn, 5305 Beeler St, Pgh PA. No zip. Phone 412-687-0859. Her Society name is listed as Sedalia of the House of Maruviel.

QWXb: You can put an index in each issue.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM: Somewhere I've got a REPRINTS FROM SING OUT that has an article on playing the autoharp Stonemason style. Evidently, it's more versatile than most people realise. // Just be happy to get the music. A calligrapher

I'm not. // Masculine rime is the opposite of feminine rime: only one riming syllable.

I promised lastish that I'd tell the story behind ALF TUCHUKSBANE. Actually, it's all in the verse.

SCAdians are very, very careful with steel. (Marklanders call it paranoid, but their own attitudes are changing now that an increasing number of them are three to four feet tall.) The ritual for telling someone to stop waving steel about 'in an offensive or threatening manner' is: My lord (or lady), we do not do that, even in jest.

Well, at Pennsic VI or VII, a Tuchuk 'jested' with a lady with drawn steel. She was unaccompanied save by her dog. Since the dog was a white-and-gold collie-husky crossbreed named Alf, that was enough.

I learned the story a year later, when I was introduced to Alf Tuchuksbane.

t o t h e t u n e o f . . .

Many of us are, shall we say, less than totally pleased with the Swann music for Tolkien's lyrics. I have yet to hear any music composed for the purpose that appeals to me at all. I put them to extant tunes.

Please to note, however, that many of the verses -- mostly the Rohan staves but especially the Ring-verse -- do not repeat NOT go to music. Rohan staves are chanted, the Ring-verse and some of the elven verse is spoken.

Here's the list of what I use, with feetnote.

Lorien	Ode to Joy (1)
Lament for Gandalf	Water is Wide
Barrow-Wight's Chant	Great Silkie
Bilbo's Song	Unquiet Grave / Barb'ry Allen (2)
Galadriel's Song	Geordie
Durin's Day	Springhill Mine Disaster (3)
Sam's Troll Song	the Fox
Old Walking Song	I Want to Linger (4)
Departure of Boromir	Blow the Candle Out (5)
Fall of Gil-galad	Johnny (6)
Bath Song	Away With Rum (7)
Aragorn	Phil Ochs' tune to the Highwayman (8)
Nimrodel	House Carpenter

1. I make considerable modification in the phrasing of the music to make it fit the style of the lyric. Also, I insert a repeat of the first full phrase between the third and the last, so as to have room for all the lines.

2. The stanzas that begin "I sit beside the fire and think" go to "Unquiet Grave", the alternate stanzas to "Barb'ry Allen". The second set of verses should contrast with the slower, more melancholy odd-numbered set.

3. For the stanzas with six lines, repeat the last line of the tune twice, to get them all in.

4. The Walking Song is faster than "Linger", and has a pronounced swing instead of a lyrical flow. The last line is a full line instead of the fragment of "Linger", so you repeat the second line of the tune. This throws you into the next couplet. For the last verse, with six lines, diddle till you get something you like.

5 The exchange gets two go-throughs of the tune, followed by the last half of the tune for the lines addressed to Boromir.

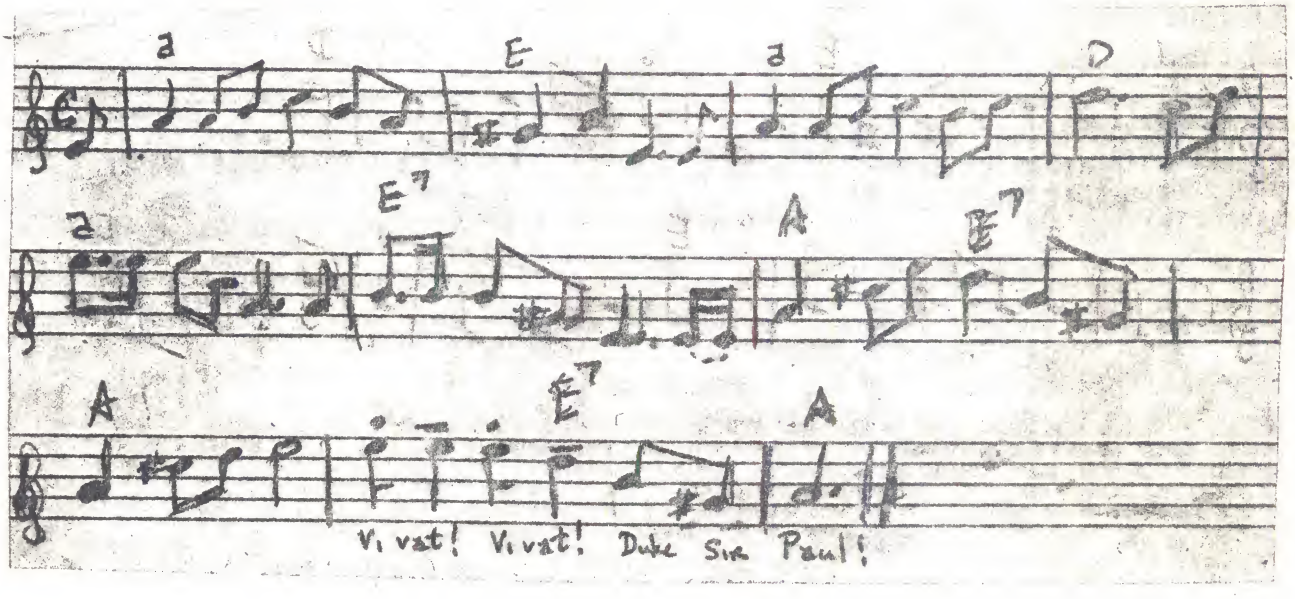
6. This is the last half of the tune, for each stanza. Start from "With their drums & guns and guns & drums, the enemy nearly slew ye," and on to the end. Slow and mournful, but don't wring it to the point of bathos.

7. Alternating stanzas to verse and chorus. I switch the last two stanzas, to get the "better is Beer" stanza to the chorus.

8. Delete, of course, the repetitions of <u>the Highwayman</u>. Or not, if you like, tho I think it sounds ludicrous.

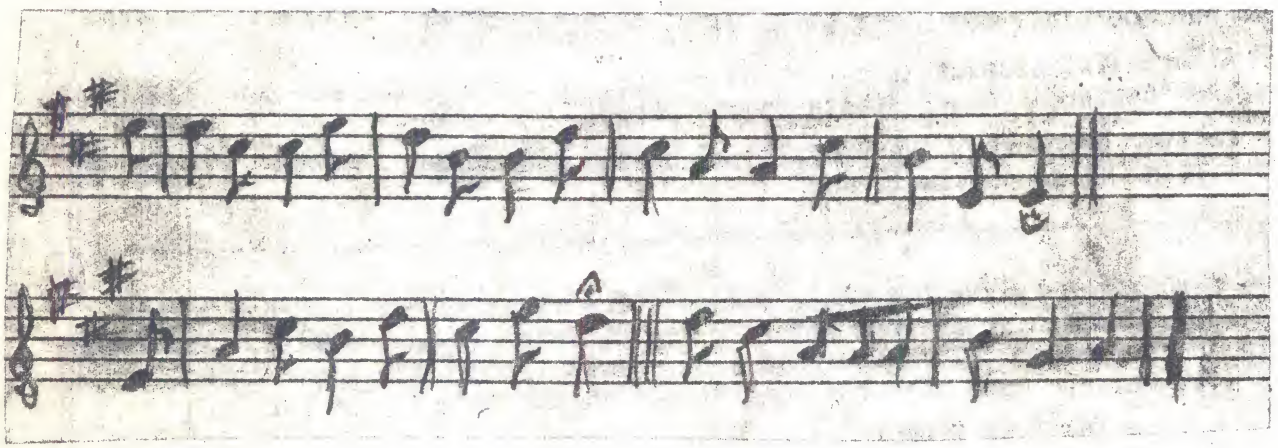
Here are some <u>very</u> rough transcriptions. The first is for the song to Duke Sir Paul, lastish or the one before. The chording is approximate. The second note in the second full measure is a B. Small letters are minor chords, upper case for major. Note that the tune itself shifts mode in the middle.

I've put in the last line, just to have put in a line. I really can't do any more than that.



This next one is even rougher. You will note that there is no time indicated, and there's an extra eighth note loose without a measure to complete. Very sad. This is the sequence of notes for 'Escape of Old John Web'. Note that I do not say that it is the tune. That varies with the emoting of the verses, and in any case is not quite as I have it here. This is too regular and dull; at the very least, make the eighth notes staccato and the quarter notes very marked. When the lyrics seem to call for it, make a set of notes equal in time, or put in sixteenths and the hell with the accounting. This is not, repeat <u>not</u> the actual tune. Just the sequence of intervals.

Actually, the phrase between the double bars is far more like a succession of even notes. I suspect the time is 6/8, but I could easily be wrong.



Sorry, no chords. And no words.

Have to pack this in, now. I apologise for two such skimpy contributions in a row, but things are kinda hectic down here, and I'm short on time. Maybe now I don't have that index to fool around with, I'll be able to do things up more substantially.

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In this issue - MILITARY FILK

ANAKREON

#5, APA-FILK Mailing #6 1 May 1980

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

As with Glenwhorple Highlanders in ANAKREON #4, I am indebted to Edith Fowke of the Department of English of York University, Downsview, Ontario, for the text to this one. She responded to my appeal in ANAKREON #3 for the full texts of two military filksongs quoted in Jock Carroll's novel The Shy Photographer, by sending me photostats from Anthony Hopkins' book Songs from the Front and Rear. (The bibliographic data are in ANAKREON #4.) I'm not set up to reproduce the music, but I'll send photostats to anyone who wants it for either this song or for the other. To the limit of my ability to sight-read music, the tune to The North Atlantic Squadron looks like that for Salvation Army.

CHORUS: Away, away, with fyfe and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for women to pat on the bum
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The firefighters have lots of fire
They never, never seem to tire
Of pulling their hose, and pulling their wire
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

The service police are a bunch of sluts,
They should be hung up by their nuts,
A bunch of hicks from out of the sticks
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

Into the mess we go to sup,
A dirty plate, a dirty cup.
The cooks should fucking well smarten up
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

The wireless boys they fly so high,
I wish to hell that they would die.
Their da da dits give us the shits
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

When we were ten miles out to sea
The pilot started buggery.
His only joy was the wireless boy
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

The One Six One crew Number Four,
Went out one night to find a whore;
Their only hope was a nanny goat
In the North Atlantic Squadron

CHORUS:

When in Vera Cruz we touched,
We found that Kingston whores were such,
That when open wide you could put inside
The North Atlantic Squadron

CHORUS:

In Newfoundland when it got hot,
We used to fornicate a lot.
Only the fools would be pulling their tools
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

The native girls are all misfits,
They have no teeth, they have no tits,
No wonder they give us the shits
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

The sergeants they are on the bit,
Giving the ACS lots of shit.
After the war their throats we'll slit
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

CHORUS:

An earlier attempt to obtain the words for North Atlantic Squadron was less successful. The war-game designer David Isby gave me the following verses, which I published on 11 January 1975 in the 4th issue of my war-gaming fanzine EMPIRE. According to him, it is "an American version (c. 1900-17) of 'The North Atlantic Squadron', well-known shady British sailor song, since adopted by 120 Squadron, R. A. F. Coastal Command. The 'polite' lyrics in this version are, I am assured, authentic."

Away, away with the sword and drum;
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for someone to put on the bum
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

We are the boys who shoot the six-inch
Or anything else when we're in a pinch,
Gee, but the battleships are a cinch
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Sixteen battleships all in a line,
In Guantanamo Bay may look mighty fine,
But for me a cruiser, every time,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

The Washington and the Tennessee
Finest ships to sail the sea,
Went around the Horn to be
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our navigator's a jolly tar,
He shot the truck-light for a star,
And wonders where the hell we are
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Etc., Etc.

The heavy hand of Thomas Bowdler has obviously been at work on this one. And Dirty Gertie from Bizerte had some competition, too. Not long after U. S. troops got into the North Africa campaign, and Gertie began showing up in their songs, some chaplain's aide apparently decided that a cleaned-up version ought to be turned loose to compete with Dirty Gertie. And so, according to a contemporary issue of Life, we got:

"I'm Eunice from Tunis, the pride of the Yanks.
My picture's pinned up on the sides of their tanks..."

It didn't catch on.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR FILKSINGERS

Ed Cray (ed.), The Erotic Muse (1969, Oak Publications, New York; 1972, Pyramid, New York) A well annotated collection of bawdy verse, mostly modern, with numerous variants, and most of the tunes. Indispensible.

The Indiscreet Muse (1946, Citadel Press, New York) In that distant era, the editor didn't think it safe to give his name. Genteel raunch from the pens of William Shakespeare, John Donne, Robert Herrick, Andrew Marvell (that naughty old Puritan!), Robert Burns, and (mostly) anonymous. No music.

E. R. Linton, The Dirty Song Book (1965, Medco Books) Old and modern, including parodies of advertising jungles. There are old ones like "Lehigh Valley", "Ring-Dang-Doo", and Eugene Field's "The Fair Limousin", and more recent things like "Lee's Hoochie" (from Korea). Some tell more or less true tales of real-life escapades of Aimee McPherson, Stackolee, Lydia Pinkham, and other culture heroes. No music.

Craig McGregor (ed.) Bawdy Ballads and Sexy Songs (1972, Belmont/Tower, New York) Shorter versions of many of the same songs that Linton includes. They seem mostly to be British, including the venerable "My Husband's A...", "When Lady Jane Became a Tart", and "The Tinker". No music.

"Count Palmiro Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956, Olympia Press, Paris) The pseudonymous Briton who edited this collection was a mainstay of Maurice Girodias' Parisian operation in the days of censorship. This collection has the words, though not the music, to "The Great Plenipotentiary", "Eskimo Nell", "The Hedgehog", "The Wheel", "The Bastard King of England", "The Good Ship Venus", "The Virgin Sturgeon", "The Harlot of Jerusalem", "The Rajah of Astrakhan", "Please Don't Burn Our Shithouse Down", "The Great Farting Contest", "Diamond Lily", and other classics.

OTHER PEOPLES' FILK

Filksinging is far older than science-fiction and fantasy fandom. One place where it has flourished for centuries has been the armed forces of various nations; "The Good Ship Venus" is an example that has come under discussion in previous Mailings, and "North Atlantic Squadron" in this issue is another.

The people who send soldiers out to fight have firm ideas of what they ought to sing on their way to the front, or while they are lying wounded in a field dressing station, or as their ship begins to go down. They would like their men of war to sing the national anthem, or other petriotic songs, or hymns of the currently respectable religion. They even try to ensure that the soldiers are familiar with the words to these songs.

The men on the front lines have other ideas. And so the filk process takes control, and another highly disreputable song makes its way into the military repertory, and eventually back to civilian life if there still is any. Several filksongs of this sort are quoted by the Czech writer Jaroslav Hašek (1883-1923), in his Osudy dobrého vojaka Švejka za světové války (The Good Soldier Švejk and his Fortunes in the World War). In my opinion this book is the greatest war novel ever written. Readers are urged to seek out the 1973 translation by Sir Cecil Cuthbert Parrott, rather than a heavily cut and badly bowdlerized version rendered into English in 1930 by Paul Selver.

Some basic military types, from dishonest orderlies up to lunatic generals, appear in this book, which draws heavily on the author's experiences as an Austro-Hungarian conscript on the Russian front. I am convinced that Cadet Adolf Biegler is the original for Lieutenant Fuzz in the Beetle Bailey comic strip. (At one point in the book, a list is given of the books that Biegler intends to write on his glorious military experiences. One of the books is The First World War - the first appearance, as far as I am aware, of that ominous ordinal number with regard to the 1914-1918 war.)

"The Radetzky March," which seems to have been the Austrian equivalent of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," comes in for some rough treatment. So does another song honoring a national hero, "General Windischgrätz as the Cock Did Crow". Švejk's version goes:

General Windischgrätz as the cock
did crow
Unfurled his banner and charged the
foe.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

Charged the foe and brandished his
sword,
Calling to Mary, Mother of the Lord.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

With Mary Mother and bridges four,
Piedmont, strengthen your posts for
war.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

At Solferino there was battle and
slaughter,
Piles of corpses and blood like water.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

Arms and legs flying in the air,
For the brave 18th were fighting there.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

Boys of the 18th, don't lose heart!
There's money behind in the baggage cart.
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

Money in the cart and wenches in the van!
What a life for a military man!
Rataplan, rataplan, rataplan.

Several different campaigns are mixed up here. Prince Alfred von Windischgrätz led the bloody suppression of the Hungarian War for Independence in 1848, and as far as I am aware was not involved in the Italian campaign of the same year. Piedmont was defeated by Austria in 1848, but allied itself with France and won a bloody victory at Solferino 11 years later, resulting in the unification of Italy. Compare the military inaccuracies in the American folksong "Santy Anna".

An incomplete filksong with a twist ending makes its appearance during a sermon by Chaplain Otto Katz, one of the book's best-delineated characters. Drunk as usual, he is preaching a sermon to the inmates of a military prison in which Švejk is temporarily (and, of course, innocently) incarcerated.

He tries to teach the convicts a new hymn:

Of all the people in the world,
I love my love the best.
I'm not her only visitor;
I queue up with the rest.

Her lovers are innumerable.
Now, tell me, pray, her name?
It is the Virgin Mary -

Despairing of ever teaching the prisoners this song, he instead launches into a bilingual blood-and-thunder sermon.

While Hašek was deserting to the Russians in Galicia, another soldier half-way across Europe was also observing how the filk process works in the trenches. A young British officer named Robert Graves, who had not yet become the greatest English poet of the 20th century, heard a Salvation Army hymn turned into a parody; both are given below:

Whiter than the show,
Whiter than the snow!
Wash me in the water
Where the Lamb was led to slaughter,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Whiter than the snow,
Whiter than the snow!
Wash me in the water
Where you washed your dirty daughter,
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

He gives this example in his 1955 essay "Mother Goose's Lost Goslings", in which he maintains that many traditional children's rhymes were originally political lampoons or other topical songs on which the folk/filk process has operated. (The essay may be found in his collection The Crowning Privilege (Penguin, 1955)) Later, Graves sang this song to his daughter as he was bathing her, and later she sang it to her children while bathing them. In another hundred years it may be as well established as the lampoon against one John Horner, who ran errands for King Henry VIII and was rewarded with some nice "plums" in the form of confiscated monastery lands.

In popular mythology, World War I was supposed to have brought an end to a Golden Age of peace and prosperity. In fact, Europe had warmed up for it by two wars in the Balkans, a brief Italo-Turkish scrap in 1911, the "Pig War", and a crisis in Morocco. But it was from the Russo-Japanese War that, indirectly, came one of the operations of the filk process on a marching song. About 1906, three barroom literary lights in Paris bet one another on who could write the raunchiest novel. The winner was one Wilhelm Appellinaris de Kostrowitzky, better known as Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918). He produced a short novel entitled The Debauched Hospodar, which is supposed to have been, in English translation, the best-selling book of Maurice Girodias' Librairie Anglaise back before the English-speaking countries scrapped censorship. The book is written with a sadistic tone which would turn off most modern readers, but apparently there is a market for this sort of thing somewhere. The hero is a self-created Rumanian prince named Mony Vibescu, who after affairs with both sexes in Paris heads east to take up a commission in the Russian army. He and his valet commit a double rape-murder on the Orient Express ("the crime was attributed to Jack the Ripper who has broad shoulders"), and then plot the assassination of the King and Queen of Serbia at an orgy in Bucharest. After further amorous adventures in St. Petersburg, they get shipped off to Port Arthur just in time to get shut up with General Stoessel while the whole Japanese Army beats at the gates. They relax in a brothel run by two gay male French symbolist poets. (The Japanese girls are 50 rubles more, because they're the enemy.) Eventually Mony is taken prisoner, along with a Polish Red Cross nurse who is avenging her country's subjection by treating the wounded Russians savagely. After beating her to death with a pair of drumsticks, Mony is sentenced to death by the Japanese. He manages to commit one more rape and murder before the sentence is executed - he is whipped through the whole Japanese army.

There are bits of verse scattered through the book, as Apollinaire is supposed to be a major influence on modern French poetry. However, poetry does not seem to go very well from French to English, and it would be difficult to

pretend that great literary talent went into the translation of this novel. (Certainly not at the rates Girodias pays.) While Mony is diddling the mistress of a Russian officer in St. Petersburg, the Preobrazhensky Regiment marches by the window. This was an elite regiment, founded by Peter the Great. The soldiers sing, to the music of the regimental band:

Ah! how your mother is fucked!
Poor bumpkin goes off to the war,
Your wife will be fucked
By the bulls of your byre.
You, you will tickle your prick
With the Siberian flies
But don't give them your cock!
Friday is a lean day
And on that day don't give them sugar either.
It's made with the bones of the dead.
Oh, fuck, farmer boys, fuck
The fat mare of your officer
Though she's got a smaller cunt
Than any Tartar's daughter!
Ah! how your mother is fucked!

The reference to "the bones of the dead" comes up in Svejk's adventures too. An officer snarls at his men that bone charcoal for filtering sugar will be made out of them if they fall in the war. "Your boys will drink coffee with sugar which was filtered through your shanks, you god-forsaken half-wits, you." Svejk, of course, gets three day's solitary for speculating that "bone charcoal which is made out of you officer gentlemen must be much more expensive than what's made out of us ordinary soldiers."

Not much military filk seems to have come out of Vietnam War I. (I am sure that it will go into the record books this way. Almost every public figure in America is on record with plans for Vietnam which have not yet been accomplished. Vietnam War II will provide the realization of these plans. Never mind the French efforts of the early 1950s - they didn't involve Americans and therefore weren't official.) There was, among the official war songs, Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets", but the song doesn't even mention Vietnam. That song is probably copyrighted somewhere, so I'm not going to print it here. The only parody of which I'm aware didn't come out of Vietnam, but from SDS New Left Notes. It was incorporated by Tuli Kupferberg into his 1967 "morality play" Fuck Nam, and is called "Ballad of the SS Troop":

Soldiers fighting in the East.
Fearless men against the Slavic beast.
Men who fight for Farben and Krupp,
The brave men of the SS Troop.

Double S upon their chest.
These are men - the Führer's best.
One hundred men try to join the group,
But only three make the SS Troop.

Trained to live for the Führer's goals,
Trained to deal with Jews and Poles.
Men who fight like Jürgen Stroop
Courage take from the SS troop.

Double S upon their chest.
These are men - the Führer's best.
One hundred men try to join the group,
But only three make the SS Troop.

Back at home a Hausfrau waits.
Her SS man has met his fate.
He has died in Deutschland's quest
Leaving her his last request:

"Put the double S on my son's chest
Make him one of the Führer's best.
He'll be the man for an Einsatz group.
Have him join the SS troop."

As far as I am aware, the only genuine military filk to come out of Vietnam is the following cynical two-liner:

Jingle bells, mortar shells, V. C. in the grass,
You can take your Merry Christmas, shove it up your ass!

From time to time rumors come back of a song, "Suzie Stranahan", who is supposed to be the "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" of Vietnam War I. But she's not a genuine product of the filk process either. Suzie's adventures were put to verse on a dull Friday afternoon in August of 1966 in the stacks of the mathematics library at Columbia University. I know. I'm the one who wrote it.

(Unless forcibly suppressed by local APA-Filk members, I may put it into the 7th Mailing.)

Since putting Private Švejk's filksongs on pp. 3-4, I have turned up the originals. ANAKREON readers with some linguistic ability might be interested in comparing Sir Cecil Parrott's translation into English with Jaroslav Hašek's Czech original, and with a 1926 German translation by Grete Reiner:

Jenerál Windischgrätz a vojenští páni
od východu slunce vojnu započali
hop, hop, hop!

Vojnu započali, takto jsou zvolali
pomoz nám Kristus Pán s Panenkou Marií
hop, hop, hop!

S Panenkou Marií a ty čtyry mosty
postav si, Pimonte, silnější forposty
hop, hop, hop!

Byla bitva, byla, tam u Solferina
teklo tam krve moc, krve pod kolena
hop, hop, hop!

Krve pod kolena a na fury masa
vždyť se tam sekala vosumnáctá chasa
hop, hop, hop!

Vosumnáctá chaso, neboj se ty nouze,
vždyť za tebou vezou peníze na voze,
hop, hop, hop!

Peníze na voze a menáž v kočáře
Kerejpak regiment tohlencto dokáže,
hop, hop, hop!

General Windischgrätz und die hohen Herren
als die Sonne aufging, gaben die Befehle:
hop, hop, hop!

Gaben die Befehle, schrien aus voller Kehle:
Hilf uns doch, Jesus Christ, und Jungfrau Maria;
hop, hop, hop!

Mit der Jungfrau Maria auf die starken Brucken,
Piemont, wir werden doch hinüberrecken;
hop, hop, hop!

Ja das war ein Kampf bei Solferino dorten,
Blut floss dort in Fülle, floss an allen Orten;
hop, hop, hop!

Blut bis zu den Knien wie im Fleischerladen,
weil sich die Achtzehner dort geschlagen haben;
hop, hop, hop!

Achtzehner ihr Braven, fürchtet nicht Gefahren,
denn man bringt euch schon die Löhnung nachgefahren;
hop, hop, hop!

Löhnung nachgefahren und Menage zum Fressen,
welches Regiment könnt sich mit uns messen?
hop, hop, hop!

My Czech is non-existent, but I have some feeble comprehension of Russian. On the basis of this, it seems to me that Reiner's German is slightly closer to the original than is Parrott's English. However, a mere comparison of the lengths of the two versions incidates that Reiner achieves her greater accuracy at the expense of being far more cumbersome.

Chaplain Katz's aborted hymn does not appear in the Czech edition which I found in the New York Public Library. This edition was printed in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, indicating that Communists are far more tender towards religious feelings than they were in their early days.

*

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It is a journal of that highly unofficial kind of composition called 'filksinging', and circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association devoted to the same. For information about APA-Filk, write to Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N. Y. 11598. ANAKREON also goes to other people whom I suspect might be interested in it, or to those who request it.

A Song of Gods Gone Mad finally achieved production at the beginning of April. I understand that it went on sale at Balticon, on Easter weekend.

It is ironic that the same tune which Marylanders sing as "Maryland, My Maryland", urging revolt against President Lincoln, is sung in Great Britain as "The Red Flag", the anthem of the Labour Party. These days, the song's sentiments are a lot more radical than the party. The original tune is, of course, the Germans' "O Tannenbaum", "O Christmas Tree".

About a decade ago, the Conservative Party weekly Spectator recognized that the Tories have no song as inspiring as "The Red Flag", and asked its readers to compose one. Roger Woddis won £4 with this entry, which was printed in the issue of 6 November 1971. "Ted" is Edward Heath, then the Tory leader. "EEC" is the European Economic Community, entry into which Great Britain was then debating. (As a rule the Tories favored it and Labour opposed it, though minorities in both parties dissented from the stand of the leadership.) "All me eye" is a Briticism meaning, approximately, "my target". The tune is "The Red Flag".

The Tory flag is black as night,
With skull and crossbones painted white,
And though the seas look rough ahead,
We'll put our trust in Captain Ted.

CHORUS: Then raise the pirate standard high,
The Welfare State is all my eye,
While life is cheap and goods are dear,
We'll feather-bed the profiteer.

With hearts of granite swear we all
To send the weakest to the wall,
And using gloves of softest silk,
We'll rob the children of their milk.

CHORUS:

A man may be a dismal freak
To work for fifteen pounds a week,
But if he asks for higher pay,
We'll simply take his rights away.

CHORUS:

To reach our economic goal
We need two million on the dole,
And when we join the EEC,
We hope to push it up to three.

CHORUS:

Bob, you underestimate your Mikado parody, The Producer. It poked fun at most of the major names of postal Diplomacy, and I recall it as being quite funny. I was "Boar-Pah".

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves
996

I can recall "God Bless Free Enterprise" from my student days around 1950. It appears in several Socialist songbooks.

Singspiel #4 (Blackman): "The White Russian's Lament" is yet another piece of filk poking fun at the hopeless plight of the Tsarists. "Come to the Kretchma" is another, and then there is that delightful thing whose chorus, sung very fast, is:

When I went shootin' with Rasputin,
Ate farina with Tsarina,
Blintzes with the princes in the kingdom of the Tsar. (Hey!)
We were sharing tea and herring,
Dipped banana in smetana,
Borshcht and wurst around the samovar.

Hemidemisemiquaver #2 (Kare): You, and several other APA-Filk contributors who know from computers, might be interested in a collection of filksongs that has just been published by Robert Osband, Oz Press, GPO Box 1241, New York, N.Y. 10001. It is entitled Swapped Out Songs. No price is listed, but there is a glossary on computer terminology for us uneducated types. There is also an addendum, "Whatever Became of Tom Lehrer?", to the tune of Lehrer's "Whatever Became of Hubert?"

Filksongs Old and New #2 (Groot): You want to get into a SCA chapter in Pittsburgh! Well, you came in late, but the last time there was an SCA chapter in Pittsburgh, there was some gods-awful row between it and the regional and/or national organization. I don't think they'll want to try again in a hurry.

(continued on p. 10)

BUGOUT BOOGIE

by A. A. Nofi

The American Army is not particularly noted for its singing ability. Indeed, probably not since 1918 have American troops done much impromptu singing. Of course this is partially a phenomenon of the machine age: singing helps one on the march; riding around in the back of a 'deuce-and-a-half; is just boring. Anyway, there is one genuine G. I. folksong rumored to be still heard occasionally. It is also rumored to be a court martial offense to be caught singing it, at least in the 2nd Infantry Division. This tune is "Bugout Boogie".

The 2nd Division was a hard-luck outfit for much of the Korean ~~war~~ police action. It twice was severely battered by the ~~enemy~~ perpetrators in particularly hair raising circumstances, although it eventually got even in the devastating smashing of the last Chinese offensives. "Bugout Boogie" dates from the Battle of Kunu-ri, 25-30 November 1950, at the start of the first Chinese offensive, when the division was in such grave danger that Walter Winchell said, on nation-wide radio hook-up, "If you have a son in Korea, write to him. If you have a son in the 2nd Division, pray for him". Below is all I know of the song.

Lordy, lordy, listen to me,
While I tell of the battle of Kunu-ri.

CHORUS: We're buggin' out -
We're movin' on.

Second Division sat on a hill,
While ole Joe Chink got set for the kill!

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

When mortars fell 'round the CP tent,
Everybody wondered where the top brass went!

VARIANT CHORUS: They're buggin' out -
They're movin' on!

Here comes Mama-san down the track,
G. I. baby strapped on her back!

CHORUS:

When you hear the pitter patter of little feet,
It's the U. S. Army in full retreat.

CHORUS:

Any additional verses would be welcome.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

Strum und Drang V: II, #1 (Burwasser): There are a few tunes which, to me, seem to repel the idea of anyone setting filk to them. Finlandia is one of them. But some hymns and other solemn tunes don't escape. About 20 years ago, That Was the Week that Was observed that the Roman Catholic Church was updating its rituals, and suggested that Protestants do the same. One of the best-known Protestant hymns was accordingly rewritten:

O God our help in ages past,
Protect us, we implore.
If we poor humans are the last,
You'll have to make some more.

Teach Thou our neighbors us to love
The way we love ourselves,
And let the fall-out up above
Fall out on someone else.

Music of the Spheres #2 (Andruschak): "Vicarion" has some substantial variations from the Legman text you quote. See his book, from the bibliography on p. 2.

Something of Note #5 (Lipton): I can remember Randall Garrett, who was not then too proud or pious to rejoice in the nickname "Randy", singing "Have Some Madeira, My Dear" for the delectation of the CCNY Science-Fiction Society around 1962. He fit the image very well.

I am assured that Fred Kuhn's record A Song of Gods Gone Mad is now in the final stages of production.

"The Walloping Windowblind" was written by C. E. Carryl (1841-1920). It may be found in The Pocket Book of Humorous Verse (David McCord, ed.).

THE MILITARY FILK FROM VIETNAM

Earlier in this issue, I cited one couplet of doggerel as "the only genuine military filk to come out of Vietnam". This remark, it seems, was quite inadequate. During the period of American military activity in Vietnam that preceded the present temporary lull, several items made up on the spot by America's fighting men were reported back here to the States. Some people published them so they could point with pride to the enthusiasm with which American troops were engaged in their work. Others printed them so that they could point with horror to the enthusiasm with which American troops were engaged in their work.

The first item was to the tune of "Wake the Town and Tell the People", which presents a problem right there. My memory associates this rather vapid popular tune with the pre-Beatles era, sometime in the 1950s. Why, then, would it occur to some GI in Vietnam as something on which to hang a piece of military filk?

Spray the town and kill the people,
Drop your napalm in the square;
Take off early in the morning,
Get them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans,
Watch them as they gather round;
Use your 20 millimeter,
Mow the little bastards down.

Spray the town and kill the people,
Get them with your poison gas;
Watch them throwing up their breakfasts,
As you make your second pass.

See them line up in the market,
Waiting for their pound of rice;
Hungry, skinny, starving people,
Isn't killing harvests nice?

This song was reported in the New York Times Magazine of 18 October 1971. The reference to poison gas is of particular interest, since according to the official accounts the US did not use this weapon in Vietnam.

(The Russians, incidentally, are now using poison gas in Afghanistan. They claim in extenuation that the Afghans used it against them first. This is, of course, untrue. It's just the the Russians had never walked downwind from an Afghan before.)

More famous was "Napalm Sticks to Kids", which was first reported from Phuoc Vinh by John E. Woodruff in the Baltimore Sun, 15 June 1970. It seems to have originated among "skytroopers" - the pilots and gunners of the helicopters whose military use was one of the distinctive features of the war. "Blues" are helicopter gunships. I don't know what fleshettes are. Woodruff wrote that there were nearly two dozen verses, of which he quoted the following. I don't know the tune.

Napalm sticks to kids,
Napalm sticks to kids,
When'll those damn gooks ever learn?
We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to kill and maim,
Because the 'kills' all count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

There's a gook down on his knees,
Launch some fleshettes into the breeze,
Find his arms nailed to the trees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Blues out on a road recon,
See some children with their mom,
What the hell, let's drop the bomb,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm is 'jellied gasoline' - gasoline soaked into some solid material that makes it easier to handle and use, and causes it to adhere, while burning, to its target. (A reasonable facsimile can be made by soaking gasoline into soapflakes.) Its military use is older than most people believe. When the Romans were besieging Samosata in the 1st century BCE, the defenders used against them a sort of "burning mud" which stuck to the flesh of its victims as it continued to burn. Petroleum seeps from open deposits in that part of the world, and presumably could have been soaked into bone gelatin or some such substance. A millenium later, the Roman Empire was itself using 'Greek fire' against its enemies with great effect. The recipe remains a secret; it may have been this sort of 'napalm', or it may have been a mixture of petroleum and quicklime, which ignited on contact with water or with human flesh.

GETTING CAUGHT UP (continued from p. 8)

"Unfortunate Nurse Chapel" might be fun.

The Enterprise girls, so one hears,
Have chased Spock for several years.
His look of disdain
Has spared them great pain,
For his prick is as sharp as his ears.

QWXb!! #3 (Baker): At the time "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" was current, I was a bit too young to be exposed to the unexpurgated versions. I suspect that it might be similar to a version of "Lulu" that my brother brought back from the Antarctic in 1959. This was not the well-known "Lulu", the first verse of which appears to the right. It had a different tune, meter, and verse length. It was too unimaginatively 'dirty' to merit print here, but simply sang the merits and accomplishments of one "Lulu", the "cowpunchers' whore". A song of that name in "Vicarion's" book (see p. 2) calls her "Charlotte" and locates her in Alberta.

Rich girl rides a Cadillac,
Poor girl rides a Ford,
Lulu rides the bedsprings
To pay her room and board.

Pills to Purge Melancholy was collected about 300 years ago by one Thomas d'Urfey. It was strongly condemned by Bishop Jeremy Collier, who raged against all the raunchy masterpieces of Restoration drama and poetry, and is credited with inaugurating censorship in Great Britain. Collier could not stand for any suggestive verses. What he could stand for was most revealing. He absolved on the scaffold some men who had tried to assassinate the king, though they had not shown the least repentance. The contrast was not lost on the satirists of the time.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time! #4 (Middleton): The older they are, the more likely British bawdy ballads are likely to pronounce "shite" to rhyme with "light", and to give the past tense as "shat".

"Three Kings", by Poul Anderson, was printed in Amra V. II, #64 in October 1975. Write to Amra's editor, George Scithers, P. O. Box 8243, Philadelphia, Penn. 19101. Only the words, and not the tune, were published.

*

Since printing the first 7 pages of this issue, several weeks ago, I have a few clarifications and comments on them.

There were some problems with the duplication of p. 6. The last word in the first line of the Czech song is "páni", and the first word in the second line of the second verse is "pomoz". I suspect that the refrain was changed in the English translation because "hop", which is a nonsense syllable in Czech or German, is an actual word in English. "Rataplan" is onomatopoeic for a military drumbeat, and occurs as a refrain in English and French songs.

(And my friends in the Craft are welcome to adapt Otto Katz's "hymn" to the Great Goddess.)

Apollinaire doesn't seem to have researched his heroes' Russian adventures too closely. The Preobrazhensky Regiment was the elite of the elite in Tsarist Russia. It was as likely to contain poor farm boys as is the Coldstream Guards.

In 1968, W. W. Norton brought out, for a new war, a new edition of Bill Mauldin's classic Up Front, giving the adventures of Willie and Joe in World War II. A new preface was written by, of all people, the journalistic Dove David Halberstam. Halberstam cited a military filksong that sounds similar to "Bugout Boogie", called "I'm Movin' On". The one verse he quotes, to the right, is credited to Mert Perry, a Newsweek correspondent. Also, a Marine officer named Phil Brady wrote "Oh baby, won't you wash my car", since the whorehouses sometimes billed themselves as car-wash stands.

The McNamara Line
Is one hundred miles long,
Completely surrounded by Vietcong.
I'm movin' on...

This is Hemidemisemiquaver #3 (HDSQ for short) 20 March 1980
Published by Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315 Berkeley, CA 94709 for Apa-Filk #6

Entropy increases -- I'm running even farther behind than last time, and I have more to say.

NOREASCON: Back when I sent my membership in, I was damnfool enough to offer to help run filksinging activities. I got two letters back (the second a_ter I didn't get around to answering the first) in which Chip Hitchcock agreed to let me run them. Not help -- run. As this will be my first worldcon (so I'll have 87 million things I'll want to do), and as I'm really not prepared to try to tell better and longer-established filkers what to do, and as one can hardly "run" a filksing anyway, I declined. However, I did offer to try to coordinate things with other filkers, and to show up for at least one night's scheduled filksing.

At the moment, I'd like to hear from other filkers, especially instrumentalists, who would be willing to show up at a fixed time for the main group sings. I suspect there will be plenty of people around anyway, and that the sings will proceed in their usual free form manner (I have no intention of trying to pick songs in advance) but I also suspect it would be nice, both for the filkers and for the concom, to be able to say that, yes, on Saturday night we'll have so-and-so with guitar around in room A, and such-and-such in room B, where the piano is.

As Margaret Middleton pointed out, there seem to be a lot of filkish things scheduled for Noreascon: the main group sings (apparently at least 2 each night), her kids' filksing, perhaps a filk hospitality room during the day where filkers can meet to trade addresses and plan the night's sings and explain the whole mess to curious neos. . .

Anyway, if you're definitely going to be at Noreascon, & feel like helping out, drop me a card -- or write to Margaret, or perhaps check with Chip Hitchcock if you're close to Boston (He probably still hangs around the MIT Science Fiction Soc.). I'm not sure what will be accomplished, but it can't do any harm. . .

A song to earn my keep:
one afternoon at last summer's Westercon, someone (I think it was Father Jenny -- she's studying to be a priest) suggested that a filk be done to "Big Spender" from the musical Sweet Charity. This percolated in my mind for six months or so, and finally the first three or four lines came to me (I tend to write songs by thinking of a single good verse, or even a good line, and then expanding out from there -- I have to, 'cause if I don't write the whole song, that one verse will haunt me forever). There it hung, driving me batty, until I finally discovered the record collection at the Berkeley Public Library, which (unlike the campus library collections) circulates. I finally found a copy of "Sweet Charity" & learned the rest of the original song -- and finished my filk. (B.E.M., next page)

And as time grows short (an odd phrase, that),
Forward, Into the Past:

SuD: Jay (not Jan; my misprint) Witcher is at:
1500 Warrington Road Santa Rosa, CA 95404 (707) 584-5940

I finally broke down and ordered a harp from him around November -- a Small Trinity College lap harp. It should arrive any week now, and I must admit I can hardly wait. Several people, including Jay, are convinced that

B.E.M.

Words: J. Kare Tune: "Big Spender" lyrics Copyright 1980 by J. Kare

The minute you oozed under the door
I knew you had to be a thing beyond description,
A Bug-Eyed Monster:
Six legged,
So refined.
Your ESP will tell you just what's there in my mind,
So let me get right to the point:
I don't fall for every tentacle I see....
Hey, there, bug eyes,
How'd you like to make a Sci-fi* movie with me?

*Pronounced, in the approved manner, as "skiffy."

Chemist's Drinking Song -- Additional verses

Copyright 1980 by J. Kare -- original song by John A. Carroll

Keep your methanol, ethanol, N-butyl acetate;
None of them work, I'm too hard to intoxicate.
I don't consider a drink to be strong
If its carbon chains aren't at least 12 atoms long.

Paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde,
Methyl methacrilate, partly solidified,
Add copper sulfate for beautiful hues,
and drink it all down for those Plex-glas® blues.

---

harps are magic. He has stories of times when his harps have sounded by themselves, and he claims to have been playing in the woods once, with a friend playing a closely-tuned similar harp (thus spproximating the true magic of a double strung harp) and to have acquired an audience of ghostly white shapes. Certainly people get very attached to their harps -- more so than to guitars & the like. Anyway, if you want a harp, contact Jay -- but expect at least a 6 month wait.

Anakreon: I like the proposed opera, I think. I've never cared much for opera, so I haven't much basis for comparison..

RE Rudolph songs -- I did hear one good Xmas song this year, called "Grandma got Run Over by a Reindeer." It turned up on Doctor Demento, which/who is a crazy radio program/DJ that airs all those whacky, old, disgusting, or otherwise banned songs you never hear elsewhere. I rarely listen (I just don't care for "Dead Puppies" and various adolescent rock groups trying to sound obscene) but he does have some excellent stuff. He even takes requests and random submissions -- someday I must send him some taped filk. The only line of "Grandma" I recall is:

"We found her in the snow on Christmas Morning / With incriminating Claus-marks on her back."

Anakreon, cont'd: RE Hare Kali -- We do have a lot of Krishnas (and moonies and whatever) around, of course, and I'll have to try that. I frequently wander about singing filk, which has led to some strange encounters with these folks. Recently, I was cycling along, singing "Retreat along the Wabash" when I passed a couple of Krishnas, which led to the conversation:

Them: "Chant Hare Krishna Daily!"

Me: "...Six of us out of every ten / Stuck like a pig at slaughter!"

However, the best such encounter involved a couple of Moonies. They were out in force on campus one night, & I'd already been approached once ("Hi there! What's your name?") & was wary, so when a couple more veered toward me I just raised the volume on the song I was singing, which happened to be Leslie Fish's "Engineer's Hymn,":

"And fools they be who fail to see
Why I hold my engines dear,
For the engine room is a temple raised
To the God of the Engineer!"

The sheered off, presumably figuring that I was even farther out than they were.

Something of Note: "Locked Room Mystery"is good, if I just knew the tune. Perhaps I should ahve said, "longest finite song."

RE Enough is Enough -- in general I tend to agree. The trick is probably to insist that the new verses to any long song be at least as good as the best of the old ones, and periodically (like whenever a new hymnal of note appears) to purge the worst of the verses and generate a short version, as NESFA did for Orc's Marching Song. We've tried, and failed, to sing "Fantasy and Sci-Fi".

However, I'm curious what extra verses to Chemist's Drinking song you heard. The verses on the previous page were created a year or so ago and have been fairly well received. CDS is best sung fast anyway (it is, after all, a tongue twister) and five verses go by in nothing flat, so an extra verse or so seemed reasonable.

Singspeil: RE Jordan -- I once nearly worked King Hussein (JY1) on amateur radio. Alas, I couldn't get through the pileup, and thus missed the chance to say, "Your Majesty, Jordin here. WA3LLJ bye." Send Your Dollars to KARE!

FOand N: I could send you the text of "H-Bomb" at only moderate risk -- but if I tried to explain the references we'd both be in hot water. . .

Someone Else's Room: The ham filk mentioned in HDSQ #1 was the original of "Batteries," since printed int the NESFA hymnal, which described the agony of failing walkie-talkie batteries. Fragments of it got sung over the MIT repeater, WR1ADI, usually prompting the exchange:

"Hey, no transmitting music on the ham bands!"
"You call that music??"

Perhaps I'll write a few more such.

RE a song about the earthquake filksing (yes, folks, we managed to have an earthquake, Richter 5.8, right in the middle of a filksing. During a Dorsai song. See Kantele for more details), David Bratman did one to the tune of Little Boxes. If I get his permission, and a good copy, I'll send it either here or to Kantele.

Out of space, out of time, out of songs, out of mind.... Until August....

Jordin Kare